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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE AMERICAN BAR ABROAD

THE members of the American Bar Association, who, with their Canadian brethren, recently visited England, — the first great world-gathering in history of English-speaking lawyers from all parts of the earth, — were much impressed with the dignity and ceremonial of judicial procedure in the motherland of the Common Law. Robert Lee Saner, a former president of the American Bar Association, is quoted by the London *Daily News* as saying: —

The wonderful dignity and ceremonial, the gorgeous robes and uniforms, the ancient buildings in which British legal institutions are shrouded, have made a profound impression on us. We get on very well without them: but you get on very well with them. No lawyer would treat these things lightly, however useless they might seem to some people, because we lawyers realize that behind each of them is an historical reason which has proved its worth.

Referring to his visit to London courts, he said: —

I was struck by the thoroughness and the humanity of the legal processes. I saw a little girl witness treated with such patience and kindness as I have never seen before, and could not hope to see surpassed. I saw how glib and perhaps unreliable witnesses came under the influence of the legal atmosphere and took up the general attitude of respect for the judge as the representative of the law. The calm demeanor of all concerned, the respect shown to the judge and by counsel to each other, the habit of understatement rather than overstatement, could not help but impress one coming from a country where our different mentality and circumstances lead us sometimes into rhetoric and sometimes into exaggeration, and also sometimes into an acidity of which I have seen no trace this week.

Naturally a meeting like this one suggests a review of the status and functions of the Common Law. Sir Frederick Pollock estimates that there are in existence some 25,000 volumes of reported authorities on the Common Law, so that we can speak of it as 'abundantly alive,' despite its venerable antiquity. More than half of these volumes are American, and only about one fourth are British, while the remainder report decisions in Canada, Australia, and other overseas Dominions. The London *Times* said in discussing this theme: —

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It is unnecessary to regard the Common Law as sacrosanct in its administration either here or overseas, or to suppose that perfection has overtaken the ministers of that law. Were the law perfect, its functions would be near their end, a dead law for dying peoples. None can foreshadow the future of the Common Law of England; but this can be said — that in America; that in Australia, which has deliberately adopted in its universities the tradition of Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge; that in South Africa, where the Common Law seems to be, here and there, amalgamated with Roman Law, the processes of growth are still in rapid progress.

Some laymen may be interested to discover — what every lawyer knows — that all these sources of the Common Law are equally binding throughout practically the whole English-speaking world.

It is, and long has been, the practice for the House of Lords to receive as of great weight the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, of the Supreme Court of the United States and other leading American Courts, of the Irish and of the Scottish Courts. Indeed, there have been precedents which regard certain decisions as binding in view of the eminence of the judges giving those decisions. In the riot of legal growth there is need of a central authority that can speak *ex cathedra* to the whole dominion of 'Our Lady of the Common Law.'

*

AN ABORTIVE TREATY

GREAT BRITAIN, like the United States, Russia, Germany, and Holland, has rejected the proposed Treaty of Mutual Assistance sponsored by the League of Nations. This is the treaty drafted and agreed upon by a Temporary Mixed Commission, subsequently modified by various expert bodies, and approved by the League Assembly. It is not to be confused with the Draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security prepared by a voluntary committee of Americans, and submitted by the League Council to the Governments of the nations represented upon it.

Ramsay MacDonald's letter to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, rejecting the treaty, declared that the guaranties it provided were not sufficient to justify a State in reducing its armaments, and that the obligations it imposed were not such as a responsible nation could engage to fulfill. Two leading British opinions on the Left take diametrically opposite views of this decision. To the *New Statesman* Mr. MacDonald's objections seem 'absolutely valid.' It believes the Premier is rendering the League the greatest possible service by saving it from its friends and declares that a reduction of armaments in itself will 'have no direct effect — and very little indirect effect — in preventing war.'

If all the armed forces of the world were cut down by a half, or by three quarters, the nations could and would pursue their quarrels just as effectively and viciously, provided that their relative strength remained unaltered. And nobody has any suggestion for altering that. It has been said a thousand times, and forgotten a thousand times, that armaments follow policy. The function of the League is to help in the slow process of changing policies. It may work in various ways, laboriously and patiently, and on occasion, perhaps, heroically. But there is nothing helpful — and only a dash of mock-heroic — in the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance; it implies no change of policy. The proper organ for settling disputes is in existence, in the shape of the Permanent Court of International Justice. . . . We hope that when Mr. MacDonald develops his plan for the prevention of war, its central machinery will be the Permanent Court of Justice instead of the Council dressed up as a super-General Staff.

The Nation and the Athenæum summarizes the chief points in Mr. MacDonald's letter of rejection as follows: —

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It points to the difficulty of determining by a unanimous vote of the League's Council within four days of the outbreak of hostilities which combatant is the aggressor. It dwells on the delay which must occur in mobilizing the forces at the disposal of the League. It asserts that the obligations created by the treaty would necessitate an *increase* in British armaments. It objects to the proposed 'complementary agreements' both on the familiar ground that they would revive the old system of competing alliances, and as likely to cause conflict between the League and individual Governments. Finally, it does not consider that the Council of the League is a suitable body to be entrusted with the control of military forces.

While the editor does not dispute that there is much weight in some of these considerations, he does not believe they justify the rejection of the scheme in toto, and concludes by interpreting the Cabinet's action as an unnecessary rebuff to the League: —

What has happened is, of course, clear enough. There is an ultra-pacifist element in the Cabinet resolved to defeat the treaty at all costs. Reënforced by the professional militarists, who have no use for arrangements for the reduction of armaments, and the departmentalists who regard the League as a nuisance because it impinges on their particular administrative sphere, they have rushed into a decision which undoes the whole of four years' work for disarmament at Geneva, sweeps the only constructive plan yet devised out of the field, convinces France that the security issue which she considers vital is a matter of indifference to this country, and effectively discounts all the Labor Government's protestations of faith in the League of Nations. 'By the irony of fate,' says the *Morning Post*, 'it has been reserved for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to put the League of Nations in its place.'

The *Spectator*, like the *New Statesman*, endorses the attitude of the Government. Among the reasons cited by the British Premier for refusing to accept the proposed treaty was the objection of Canada. Lord Balfour pointed out in Parliament that the League's plan of mutual assistance seemed to invite nations to group themselves by continents, but that such continental groupings were contrary to the interests of the British Empire, whose territories lie on every continent. 'We cannot make the Empire function in that manner.'

Weighty Liberal opinion is in favor of committing Great Britain to far-reaching mutual guaranties of peace. Mr. Asquith, in an important debate on foreign policy, declared in the House of Commons: —

The opinion of this country is coming increasingly to believe that the British Empire — not only this country, but our Dominions — should undertake to guarantee both to France and Germany to use all its powers against either State which pressed a quarrel against the Allies without calling into use the machinery of the League. It ought not to be a question of guaranteeing territories or the status quo. It ought not to apply to France or to Germany alone. It ought to be collective, general, and, indeed, universal to all parties represented on the League of Nations, and against any Power resorting to force in breach of the Covenants of the League.

Commenting upon this statement, the *Spectator* says editorially: —

Whether these words can really be taken to mean that the British Empire should become the policeman of the world we leave it for our readers to decide; but at any rate they make one extremely useful concrete suggestion. The vital objection to this country giving a guaranty to France and Germany that she will support with all her powers either country if it is attacked by the other, is, of course, the impossibility of deciding who, in fact, is the aggressor in modern war. This country would be given the invidious and impossible task, to which even the historian is unequal, of fixing the responsibility for aggression. Mr. Asquith evidently realizes this and has found a

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formula which seems to indicate that our guaranty would be to declare war on any Power 'resorting to force in breach of the Covenants of the League.' Here, at any rate, is something more definite and practical, something which can be determined by legal experts.

France has been a champion of the treaty, and *Le Temps* takes umbrage at the fact that Germany's rejection is not only subsequent in time to those of England and Russia, but is supported by the same reasons.

Germany has been shrewd enough to let the English precede her. But suppose the German answer was suggested by England. What would be the effect? That England, after getting Germany's fleet and colonies into her hands and receiving her portion of German payments, and while presiding at a Conference to which the Germans are not yet invited, has managed to improve her relations with Germany until she exercises an influence over important political decisions of the Reich. Have English diplomats succeeded in accomplishing what other diplomats have not been able to accomplish, or even to venture? We do not reproach England for reaping the fruits of her skill. That would be ridiculous and would not help France. Let us rather try to do equally well.

*

A DEBATE BETWEEN PRESIDENTS

Journal des Débats discovers that President Coolidge and President Painlevé of the French Chamber of Deputies have unintentionally debated classical education. The *Revue de Paris* printed in full an address that President Coolidge delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, in which he argued for the study of the humanities, and shortly afterward M. Painlevé, in addressing L'École Turgot, discussed the same theme from the opposite angle as a partisan of the sciences and the modern tongues. The former French Premier is himself a distinguished scientist as well as a politician, a member of several learned societies in France and elsewhere, and the author of works upon such popular subjects as the integration of equations and differential analysis. Special point is given to the subject in France by a controversy over higher school courses that played a part in the last parliamentary campaign.

Both Presidents, *Journal des Débats* tells us, 'are equally interested in modern society, the growth of material civilization, the grand progress of science, the need of giving democracies the widest possible path of opportunity and guaranteeing freedom of the intellect.' But they reach different conclusions. M. Painlevé does not believe in the supreme educational value of the classics, while President Coolidge looks upon the humanities as the eternal guardians of the sentiments and ideals that exalt nations and make the world fit to live in.

The Paris editor criticizes the President of the Chamber for speaking 'as if it were impossible (in France) for a man who had not studied Greek and Latin to be anyone or to become anyone.' It is true that in nearly all professions those who reach the highest distinction enjoy the advantage of classical training. But this is not due to conditions for which there is a political remedy, nor, as Painlevé suggested, to the survival of prejudices from an ancient and outlived régime. It is proof, to the contrary, that President Coolidge, who is the head of a great democratic nation and uninfluenced by the class traditions of Europe, 'while recognizing the importance and the value of professional and technical training, nevertheless believes that culture par excellence comes from a knowledge of the classics.'

If we understand M. Painlevé aright this is not enough for him. He demands that there shall be two equal cultures possessing the same virtue: a classical and a modern culture. He believes that the spiri

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of contemporary civilization has an educational message different from but not inferior to that of which the spirit of ancient culture is the bearer. He argues that we should not only be able to choose between Homer and Shakespeare — which anyone can do already — but that the choice made should not influence a man's career. Now no political or literary school, no teacher or official, neither M. Painlevé nor ourselves, has or can have anything to say about that. We can conceive an excellent culture without the classics. But we must acknowledge that at present the culture that produces the fairest fruits is that which includes a knowledge of ancient thought and letters.

That is exactly what President Coolidge asserts with great fairness and respect for facts. He says that we are living in an age of science and engineering, which is perfectly true, but he adds, with a mixture of realism and idealism that lends special and spicy interest to his words, that the present world of thought, the foundations of our civilization, the guiding principles of our mental processes and conduct, are in fact derived from principles tested and formulated in the ancient world. These constitute that disinterested culture that we owe to the classics, a culture that society cannot sacrifice without spiritual loss.

*

RUSSIA RECOVERING DIPLOMATIC STATUS

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Agence Économique et Financière* has interviewed the Russian delegates who negotiated the agreement just signed between the British and the Soviet Governments at London. He received the impression that these gentlemen were 'very clever, well aware of the difficulties with which they had to contend, and eager to overcome them, but by giving as little as possible.' Hitherto the attitude adopted by successive French Governments has barred direct negotiation with Moscow; with the result, as delegates pointed out, that French holders of Russian bonds have been completely deprived of their income from them. The following summary of this portion of the interview is published in the London *Economic Review of the Foreign Press*.

The Soviet Government is quite ready to consider the possibility of according partial satisfaction to the holders of Russian bonds, but this question must be separated from banking debts and the debts due from one Government to the other. The Russian delegates can no more go back home and tell the Russian nation that, after the partition of land, nationalization of works, and the introduction of Socialist *étatisme*, they have agreed to an absolute recognition of debts contracted by the Imperial Governments, than could M. Herriot tell the French electors that he had agreed to the absolute cancellation of loans issued in France. It is therefore obviously a case for compromise, the suggested terms of which are reduction of the debt, abolition of the covenant to pay interest in gold, and deferment of interest for a lengthy period. The Soviet Government contemplates, simultaneously with the settlement of debts, a financial transaction which will enable them under certain guaranties to contract fresh loans for the purpose of financing their commercial and industrial operations. With regard to French property confiscated in Russia, the Russians take their stand on the Act of Nationalization, and are opposed to absolute restoration, but suggest it in the form of a long-term lease giving to the Russian Government participation in the profits of the undertaking owning the property to be restored in this form.

Shortly before it was announced that Japan and Russia had reached an agreement by which North Sakhalin is to be restored to Russian jurisdiction, the Japanese correspondent of the London *Morning Post* summarized the considerations actuating both countries in the controversy as follows: —

Japan must evacuate Sakhalin or break her word to the Allies, and she does not desire to do so without a *quid pro quo*, which, in this case, means oil concessions.

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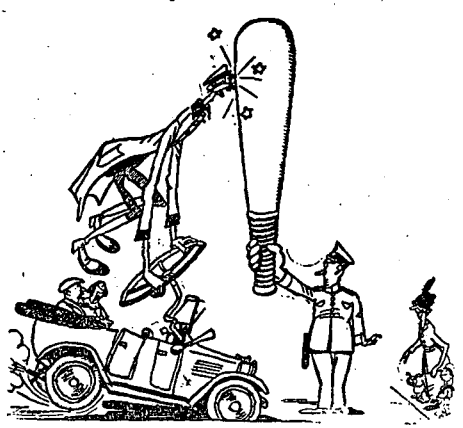
Not that Japan is in such sore need of oil, as some would suggest, for she has plenty of oil nearer home, but she desires to eliminate the possibility of concessions there to Western Powers, and so maintain her policy of a Monroe Doctrine for Eastern Asia. . . . The Soviet feels that to concede any tangible interests in Russian territory to Japan would be tantamount to giving her a lien on such territory, which would ultimately mean possession, as is practically the case in China. Japan already possesses the southern half of the island; and it is natural that she should desire to have the whole, as originally the island was hers and was acquired by Russia only through deceiving Japan into accepting the worthless Kuriles.

If Japan does not wish to share Sakhalin with Russia much less does she desire to share it with any other country. The island has valuable coal mines, timber limits, and furs. . . . The concessions for petroleum prospecting, granted to the American Sinclair Company, before Russia began negotiating with Japan, are a violation of Japan's policy of preventing further concessions to Western nations in Eastern Asia. This the Soviet has been hesitating to accept, since it is in the presence of the American company that Russia finds a sense of security. . . . Since America has gravely offended the Japanese mind by t recent discriminatory legislation on imm gration there is a tendency to curry favor with Russia.



The Spanish Chauffeur's Nightmare
— *La Voz*, Madrid

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MINOR NOTES

A SOFIA paper publishes the following announcement: 'Certain Christians, contrary to the provisions of the ecclesiastical statute and the circulars of the Holy Synod, are using paraffin candles at religious services, and particularly at church weddings. In view of the fact that the use of candles made of impure materials in the House of God is a sin, the Holy Metropolitan has taken strict measures to prevent the use of paraffin candles at any future religious service. Christians must buy their candles in the church itself; for these candles are made of pure beeswax under the direct supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities, are cheaper, do not smoke, do not bend, and do not break.'

INDIAN ORATOR. Swaraj my thought, Swaraj my dream, Swaraj my food!
INDIAN AUDITOR. Good God!
— *Illustrated Sisir*, Calcutta

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THE CONFLICT IN THE PACIFIC

BY A EUROPEAN

From *La Revue de Genève, July*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

While we Europeans, with self-centred naïveté, are absorbed in our own difficulties and those of our immediate neighbors, a formidable storm is gathering over the distant ocean ironically named 'the Pacific.' The League of Nations is trying to put our continent — that old, blown-out, and almost extinct volcano — into a semblance of order; but meanwhile the still untamed and primitive forces of nature are straining at their bonds to shatter those remoter lands that are the classic home of grand cataclysms. In any case, however, the League is helpless. We can do little; and yet the globe is too small for us to avert our eyes from prospects that foreshadow more trouble for ourselves than we imagine.

Asiatic immigration into the United States is neither old nor large in volume. It was not until 1885 that the first Japanese settlers landed in California. The Tokyo Government is entirely right when it argues in its note of protest to the United States that sufficient time has not elapsed to draw final conclusions as to the adaptability and assimilability of these immigrants.

Neither do the Japanese appear to present a great danger to the vigorous American race in respect to numbers. In 1910 only 100,000 were dispersed throughout the territories of the Union, of which about 55,000 were in California. There has been no immigrant flood from Japan since that date, for the Gentlemen's Agreement of March 4, 1907, limited the issue of passports to Japanese not belonging to the working class, and to Japanese workers going to America to resume a residence previously established there, or to rejoin relatives residing in the United States, or to operate farms they had previously acquired. The Alien Land Law of 1913, which was made more rigid in 1920, prohibited Japanese from buying or leasing land in California, and thus limited still further the number entitled to enter the country under the Gentlemen's Agreement.

So it seems hardly plausible to a European, even assuming that some Japanese were illegally smuggled into America, that under this Draconian régime they represent a serious economic danger.

But that is not the real issue. The Americans, as we all know, are extremely sensitive in respect to the color question. At Sacramento, the capital of California, a farmer received an ovation when he declared: 'Up at Elk Grove, where I work, a Japanese with a white wife runs the farm next to mine. She is going around with a baby in her arms. What is that baby? It is not white; it is not Japanese. I'll tell you what it is — it's the beginning of the biggest problem that faces America.'

All logic pauses when confronted by a sentiment like this. That is why President Coolidge, who must have the votes of the West to be reëlected, did not dare last May to veto a bill that prohibits absolutely Japanese immigration into the territories of the United States.

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We can well imagine how a proud and sensitive nation like Japan took this affront. *Nichi Nichi* of Tokyo declared: 'It is an insult such as Japan has never before received in her history, and even those of our statesmen who are most Americanized cannot accept it passively. The hour has come for the Japanese to decide their policy toward the United States. And the foundation of that policy must be a firm determination not to submit to injustice or to insult. This misfortune has befallen us because hitherto we have shown ourselves either too feeble or too cowardly.' And the fact that in the modernized Japan of to-day, where such things are not common, a man committed hara-kiri before the gates of the American Embassy as a protest against the law, bears witness to the extraordinary agitation of the public mind.

Japan has felt especially outraged, as we can easily understand, because this law was enacted two years after the Washington Conference, and only a few months after the earthquake. *Hochi*, which is now the mouthpiece of the new Government, exclaims: 'After having persuaded us to reduce our naval armaments without following suit, after showing us sympathy in the midst of our misfortune in order to pave the way for making us a scandalously usurious loan, the United States now gives us the *coup de grâce*.'

As usually happens in moments of great popular excitement, many foolish acts have been committed. Some advocate expelling the American missionaries, although these are Japan's best champions in the United States. Others agitate in favor of boycotting American merchandise, forgetting that while the United States supplies Japan with thirty per cent of her imports, it buys from her fully forty-five per cent of her exports; so a boycott would prove a two-edged sword.

That is why the Cabinet of Count Kiyoura sought to divert the popular protest into diplomatic channels. In a note addressed to Washington, his Government declared that distinctions in the treatment of nations, no matter what their reason, are contrary to the principles of justice and equality upon which all friendly intercourse between Governments ultimately rests. The Cabinet then recalled its Ambassador from Washington, while the American Ambassador at Tokyo resigned to express his disapproval of the policy of his own Government. As a result, diplomatic relations between the two countries are practically severed. Last of all, Japan seems to be taking precautionary measures of a military character, including the establishment of a new aeronautical base in Formosa and extensive naval manœuvres in the Pacific this coming autumn.

Since the crisis began there has been a change of Government in Japan. The recent elections, following a violent campaign, returned a majority for the Democratic Parties, and constitute a repudiation of the old aristocratic traditions of parliamentarism. It is significant that the portfolio of foreign affairs in the new Cabinet has been entrusted to a former Japanese Ambassador at Washington, Mr. Shidehara, a gentleman whom the American press has savagely attacked. It is not unlikely that the new Government, which is more responsive to public opinion than its predecessor, will resent even more forcibly the insult that the nation has received.

Does this mean immediate war? Not just now. Japan may fight some day; but not before she has made careful preparations. These preparations must cover a wide field — financial, military, and diplomatic — and will take time.

Some Americans pretend to fear

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Japan's present military superiority. They say that her naval armaments have only apparently been reduced to the maximum permitted by the Washington Treaty; for battleships are not everything, and the United States is decidedly inferior in reserves and trained naval personnel. Admiral Fiske wrote not long ago that if Japan should seize the Philippines, and force the American Government into war, the latter would find itself in a deplorable situation, on account of the remoteness of its naval bases from the scene of hostility and its lack of trained men and equipment. No doubt this is the interested pessimism of an officer who wants to see his country have a strong navy. Just now Japan's army is in the midst of a reorganization. Her air force is in its infancy; her navy has been reduced; and her military appropriations have been cut radically to provide money for reconstruction after the recent earthquake.

Indeed, there is little danger that Japan will plunge into war right after an unexampled catastrophe that has forced her to borrow heavily abroad; especially into a war that would certainly be protracted and costly. She would soon suffer a setback in such a risky enterprise, and eventually succumb to the economic superiority of her adversary.

That inferiority can be overcome in only one way — by careful diplomatic preparations. Many forces in South America and in the Far East, both of which feel threatened by the unconscious imperialism and commercial prosperity of the United States, are working in her favor. Japan seems designed by nature to become the centre around which all these malcontents shall rally. Probably no one to-day can measure the depths of athomless blundering that made the Americans themselves set up a leader for the coalition that is slowly but surely forming against them.

The first result of their shortsighted policy promises to be to unite the yellow races. Leaving aside for the moment the vigorous effort Japan is making to cultivate closer relations with Indo-China, — although this is a symptom of a broader policy, — the rapprochement of China and Japan, unexpected and paradoxical as it may seem, is surely making headway. Every intelligent observer in the Far East agrees that public sentiment in China is strongly behind Japan on the immigration question, and regards the American law as an insult to the whole yellow race. A movement even started at Canton to boycott American goods. In fact, the feeling of solidarity between China and Japan has already become strong enough to enable Li Yuan-Hung, former President of the Chinese Republic, to predict at Osaka 'an economic alliance between the two guardian nations of the Pacific.'

But there are perspectives still more vast. Japan has been courting for some time, albeit coyly, the Soviet Government. These negotiations are difficult and affect immense interests. Japan has never resigned herself to the loss of Sakhalin, which was part of her territory for almost two thousand years, and only half of which was restored to her by the Portsmouth Treaty. In 1920 a massacre of Japanese at Nikolaevsk gave the Tokyo Government a pretext for occupying 'provisionally' the northern half of this island, which is reported to contain valuable oil deposits.

The Russians have never admitted the legality of this occupation and, insisting on their legal title to this territory, in 1923 granted important oil-rights there to the powerful Sinclair Company of New York. But when the American prospectors landed

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at Sakhalin they were promptly and summarily expelled by the Japanese military authorities. All know of the important part petroleum plays in the international politics of to-day. Sakhalin may well become a new apple of discord between Japan and the United States. [Since this was written Japan is reported to have relinquished North Sakhalin to Russia. EDITOR] There are reasons to believe that the Soviet Government would readily sell its rights in the island for a liberal sum — the figure mentioned is 200,000,000 yen, which is exorbitant.

However this may be, a rapprochement between Japan and Russia, though it will encounter many obstacles, is not impossible. The recent shifting toward the Left at Tokyo is likely to facilitate such an outcome, and it is significant that the representatives of Japan and Russia at Peking have just been given large authority by their Governments to negotiate with each other.

Simultaneously Japanese diplomacy has been active of late in Spanish America, and particularly in Mexico. Latin Americans, who grow indignant whenever they hear the United States called 'America,' resent keenly the imperialist designs that they imagine are hidden under the Monroe Doctrine. They would prefer less protection against imaginary enemies and more protection against their dangerous patron. This feeling is very strong all along the South American coast of the Pacific, and we may be sure that Japan is not ignorant of that fact — or neglecting it.

But Japan cannot count upon friends everywhere, and knows it. We may feel certain that Australia, New Zealand, and Canada approve and applaud the policy of California. The white race is conscious of its solidarity the moment it faces the yellow Orient. Australia would not insist upon a powerful naval base at Singapore if she did not anticipate hostility from farther north. Canada, which has a compact with Japan resembling the Gentlemen's Agreement, is manœuvring to strengthen it. She is also emphasizing her diplomatic independence of Great Britain, evidently envisaging the possibility of some future conflict of policies with the mother country.

Thus premonitions of tragedy lurk in the air. Although England has denounced her alliance with Japan, a powerful section of British opinion would sympathize with that country were she to become involved in a war with the United States. On the other hand, most of the Dominions would give their moral, and possibly their material, support to America. What would happen then to the British Empire?

But it is not the British Empire alone that would be threatened by such an event. What would happen to the League of Nations? Racial equality was the great barrier at the Peace Conference — the greatest single obstacle in the way of realizing Wilson's ideal. The League of Nations was able to evade this thorny question only because the United States did not join its councils. Were the United States a member of the League, Japan would undoubtedly bring the immigration issue before that body. That is perhaps one of the reasons — and not the least — why the United States has kept out of the League. Immigration may be treated as a question of purely national jurisdiction, but none the less were the issue once brought before the League of Nations, the world would find itself face to face with a redoubtable moral problem.

That problem Europe will have to solve in one form or another. Though the United States has not joined th

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League, Canada, Australia, New Zealand on the one side, and India, China, and Japan on the other are already members of that body. How can we imagine that they will not sometime, in some form, submit this controversy to its jurisdiction? Rumors are already current that Canada, fearing that the flood of Japanese immigrants diverted from California will turn northward, contemplates raising the existing barriers against her transpacific neighbors. How will the League handle that? No controversy is without the purview of the League; that is what constitutes its strength. That is also what makes us responsible. Among all the grave preoccupations of Europe, there is one, it might seem, that might be spared her — the race question. But it is vain to hope for that good fortune. The clouds we now see gathering over the Far East are breeding a tempest that will reach us all.

WHERE RACE LINES END

BY C. F. ANDREWS

From the *Modern Review, May*
(Calcutta Literary and Current-Affairs Monthly)

The greatest initial advance in the moral history of mankind, raising human life once and for all to a new spiritual level, from which it has never wholly receded, was when Gautama, the Buddha, brought home for the first time to the hearts and consciences of men, with living power and conviction, the supreme truth, that evil cannot be overcome by evil, but only by good.

> Let a man overcome anger by kindness:
> Let him conquer evil by good.
> Let a man overcome greed by generosity:
> Let him conquer falsehood by truth.

When human kindness was thus made absolute — parallel to truth itself — the human standard of life began, which has not yet been worked out in its completeness even to-day. The animal nature in man, which retaliates, was left behind; the spiritual nature in man, which forgives, was entered upon, as a new stage in the progress of the race. The law of retributive justice was put in the background; the law of compassion began to take its place.

It is true that sayings may be found in the Hebrew, Zoroastrian, and Confucian Scriptures enunciating the same great principle. But it is equally true that Gautama the Buddha gave to this one aspect of life the entire content of his unbounded personality. He thus made it current coin for all mankind. He made it live. He created a new birth of this principle as living truth in the consciences of millions of the human race, till it became a part of human nature, distinguishing man from the beast. Thus this word of 'compassion' that the Buddha spoke became spirit and life to struggling men and women all over the East. There had been nothing like it in human history before; for there is an essential difference between the life lived in India after the

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Buddha came and the life lived in all those imposing but futile kingdoms, founded upon power and upheld by brute force, which flourished and decayed before his coming.

The records of the reign of the Emperor Asoka in the middle of the third century before Christ, engraven on the rocks throughout his dominions, show how deep the message had gone in Southern Asia, within two hundred and fifty years of the Buddha's life and preaching. While the Roman Republic in the West was building up the first beginnings of a dominion of blood and iron, ruthless and pitiless; while Alexander's conquests of the sword in the Near East were perishing by the sword, across the plains of India, teeming with population, a royal kingdom of truth had already been established in human history where the sword had no longer any part to play. The slaughter even of animal life for the sake of food was becoming more and more condemned. Over a vast area the social conduct of men was based on love and not on force. The moral equivalent of war had been discovered, and men had become humane.

I have seen in quiet solitude at Boro-Budur, in the Island of Java, the long galleries of sculpture, which extend for three miles around the Buddhist stupa on the top of a hill, still preserved for the most part from the corroding effects of the rain and weather, and in many places almost as clear-cut as when they passed from under the sculptors' hands. They have been carved, patiently and slowly, generation after generation, by the loving hands of disciples more than twelve hundred years after the Buddha's decease. The universal theme, running through these endless galleries, written in stone, is that of a sacrifice for others and a human compassion, which know no boundary or limit.

The face of the Buddha, seated in meditation, which meets one in these galleries at every turn and corner, reveals everywhere the same aspect of supreme and perfect calm. No tide of anger or passion could any longer sweep over that patient form, which had won the victory of the spirit. No act of injury to man or beast could mar the harmony of perfect love attained.

This Buddhist Movement did not stop at the confines of India and the South of Asia. It went northward through the Himalayan passes and found in China a congenial soil already prepared by Confucian ethics. The fact that even to-day, after nearly two thousand years and in spite of perpetual provocation, the simple Chinese peasants, along with those of India, remain still the most peace-loving in the world, has been due chiefly to the spirit of the Buddha working in the hearts of men and women, who had been touched by the humane ideal found in their own Scriptures, but not fully enkindled into flame until his personality appeared among men. We find, it is true, in India, in the earlier Upanishads, a preparation for the Buddhist Movement; we find also in China the way for Buddhism made ready by the ethics of Confucius and Lao-tse. But the divine motive power which quickened into new life the spirit of man came from the supreme personality of the Buddha himself. Okakura's division of humanity is correct when he calls India, China, and Japan the 'Buddha Land.'

There has been a strange undervaluing, in all European historical writings, of this amazing dynamic epoch in human existence, for all critical work in the West has hitherto been Europe-centred. Yet it must never be forgotten, when making our estimates, that the fertile plains of Eastern and Southern Asia contained two thousand years ago, and still contain to-day

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more than one half the population of the globe. Nowhere is the mass of human life so dense. Nowhere has its spiritual history been so continuous and ancient and deep-seated.

If each individual in this mass of humanity has in his keeping, as we are led by all our Scriptures to believe, an immortal spirit, then it has been no slight gain to human progress that over such a prolonged period and in such a crowded area the spirit of man has breathed, generation after generation, the higher air of divine compassion and mutual forgiveness rather than the lower ground-mists of the primitive, barbaric code which man has shared with the beasts — the code whose chief precept runs, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

There are many historical problems which are yet unsolved with reference to this profound uprising of the spirit of man in Asia which we name the 'Buddhist Movement.' How and by what paths, in addition to its journeying Eastward, the teaching of the great Master and Saint filtered through, along the highways opened out by Alexander's conquests, to the Mediterranean West, is a question still under discussion among scholars. There is a gap in our historical knowledge, which has yet to be filled up. But this may now be said with some confidence, that every day we are being confronted with fresh facts, all of which go to show the vast range of the enthusiasm of the disciples of the Buddha in every civilized part of Asia and along the islands of the Southern Sea.

The one strange feature in the story, which may possibly some day be cleared up, is this, that although we know for certain how from earliest times there was constant coasting-traffic along the shores of East Africa from India, and although we have records which prove that even the interior of Africa had been explored by Hindus, yet there is not to be found the slightest trace of Buddhist journeys in that continent in any of the Jataka stories, nor are there any signs of an ancient Buddhist civilization, such as we find in places so distant as Celebes and Borneo. At the same time, the researches of French scholars have revealed a possible contact with the Island of Madagascar which may actually go back to the great Buddhist age.

A whole new field of discovery has recently been laid bare by the researches of Sir Aurel Stein, the great archæologist, which prove by records, still preserved intact under heaps of dust and desert sand, the penetration of the Buddhist Movement into Central Asia, the meeting-place and clearing-house of all the religions of the ancient world.

It may well happen that future historical research will reveal in Western Asia a directly traceable connection between the Buddhist teaching, carried everywhere by the itinerant bhikkus, or Buddhist monks, and the later tenets of Judaism, in the century before the birth of Christ. Nazareth, where Jesus spent his early youth and manhood, was close to one of the main highways between East and West in the Roman world, and it requires no stretch of imagination to picture such a contact. But whether the message which Christ preached in Palestine sprang originally from his own inner consciousness, illuminated by the ancient Jewish Scriptures, or was in some measure assimilated from contact with the Buddhist ideals of the East, there can be no doubt whatever concerning the unity and harmony of the one message. That which the Buddha preached long ago in the Deer Park, at Benares, concerning divine compassion, Christ preached with a new and startling emphasis to his first disciples upon the

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hillsides of Galilee. Once more upon the earth the spiritual dynamic, which could move the hearts of millions, had come in the supreme personality of Christ. The tide of man's spirit again surged forward in full flood. This time its course was Westward, until every part of the world had been reached by its high tidal wave.

In order to make clear the moral unity of the message, it will be well to quote in full the words of Christ recorded in the Sermon on the Mount as follows: —

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

In the last lines of this beautiful passage, concerning the Heavenly Father, Who makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall upon the evil and the good, we have a new imagery which goes beyond the earlier Buddhist teaching, but the ethical substance is essentially the same.

This moral unity of the two supreme movements in history, in the East and in the West, appears to me to be the central fact in the spiritual history of men. For if the message of Christ, which the West received, had been alien and antagonistic to the message of the East, the unification of the moral life in man would still await its achievement instead of being already fundamentally achieved.

For we are finding out more and more, as we draw closer together and learn to understand one another, that the moral unity of the human race has been with us deep down in our hearts all the while, because human nature is one, and the human race is one. The genius of the Buddha and the Christ lay in discovering the depths of human personality — not by any miraculous intervention from without, but from within. The harmony exists. It is not for us to create it, or to rediscover it, but rather to play its infinitely varied music over and over again, according to our spiritual power.

I am aware that it may be said that I have simplified too much; for I have not entered upon vast fields which lie partly outside these two world-unifying movements, of the Buddha and the Christ. I know that provision must be made in the scheme of things for all that happened in China before the Buddhist Movement reached its shores. I know also full well the need of further research into the early history of Islam in order to find out the secret of Islam's peculiar spiritual greatness But even the slender knowledge I possess seems to point to a contribution to the world's moral unity from China that will be found to be truly in harmony with all that I have written

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concerning the Buddha and the Christ; and I find the spiritual meaning of Islam more clearly portrayed in the story of the prophet with Abu-Bekr in the cave, and in the enduring martyrdom of those early years of desolation and failure, than in those later years of amazing outward success. I find again the true meaning of Islam in the Maharam Passion Story — the crucifying thirst and martyr's death at Kerbela.

These ineffaceable records have come out ever more and more clearly from age to age. They represent the undying truth of Islam. They approach by another mystical path the fundamental doctrine of divine suffering love in the heart of man that ultimately redeems mankind. And there is one frail worn figure still living among us in our own age, here in India, to whom it has been given to play over again that divine music of suffering love, and he has found its response, not only in his own Hindu faith, but also in Christianity and Islam.

THREE DAYS IN VERHNEUDINSK

BY SVEN HEDIN

[*The following article is from Sven Hedin's new book,* Von Pekin nach Moskau, *of which we give data under Books Mentioned.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, July* 13
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

The little one-story house before whose courtyard gate my long auto-trip ended belonged to the city architect of Verhneudinsk, Afanasii Sergeevich Kotov, a brother of Larssen's representative in Urga.

While Andriushka and Sasha took my things, I walked around to the kitchen door, — the only one that was regularly used in the winter, — where I was received cordially and hospitably by the lady of the house, Evdokia Semionovna Kotova, a tall, pure-blooded Russian woman of pleasing but somewhat masculine appearance; she was a lady who evidently ruled her little kingdom with a rod of iron, but with a kindly and cheerful heart.

Evdokia Semionovna was somewhat surprised at first to see three strange men come into her kitchen. Yet she could at least observe that we were no bandits, but travelers from a distance. This was confirmed as soon as she read the letter I handed her from her brother-in-law in Urga. She bade me cordial welcome and asked me to make myself at home as her guest, the longer the better. Hospitality in Russia is traditional and as genuine as it is universal, and I felt at once that I was welcome.

The next morning my host came personally to awaken me. Afanasii Sergeevich was about fifty years old, an agreeable-looking gentleman whose hair was sprinkled with gray, wearing a moustache and eye glasses. He was blessed with exuberant spirits and so talkative that I was never able to catch up with him.

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'Welcome, *gospodin doktor,* have you slept well? Get up now and we'll have tea together.'

I did as I was bidden. After breakfast my host showed me over his house. The comfortable sleeping-room lay wall to wall with the kitchen so as to receive warmth from the kitchen fire. The master's room was furnished with tidy bookshelves, a desk filled with papers, and a drawing-table covered with drawings and sketches of new houses. Beyond the dining-room and the living-room was a glass verandah from which steps led to the main gate in the high board fence that surrounded the property. This was the principal entrance, but was closed during the winter. In the summertime the verandah was adorned with a regular garden of potted shrubbery and flowers. In order to prevent the plants being frostbitten, they were removed for the winter to the dining-room, a long apartment half of which served as a conservatory and the remainder for serving meals. The sun shone upon the dark-green leaves, and one could see that the plants received careful attention, for there was not a withered blossom or a dead twig among them.

'What does a house of this kind cost?' I asked.

'A thousand gold rubles, and that is cheap. But the taxes are a hundred and fifty rubles a year.'

'Is it hard for you to make both ends meet just now?'

'No. My salary is sufficient for myself and my family, but there is nothing left over. These are hard times. Money is scarce everywhere; but it will soon be better. It's better this year than last year. You must see our town and the people while you are here. I'm sorry that I cannot guide you around Verhneudinsk personally, but I'm very busy. Kostia will take you. You can tell me afterward how many beggars you meet and how many drunken men. Our town is no mere village. We have twenty thousand population.'

As a matter of fact, I met only a couple of beggars, old men with long beards, and one little old woman who seemed to have her stand on every corner in the town. As to drunkenness, I did not see a single intoxicated man during my whole trip from Kiakhta to Krasny Ostrov on the Finnish frontier. Naturally there are some very poor people; but after tramping over Verhneudinsk in every direction for three days I could not see that the inhabitants were suffering from want or hunger. Practically all were simply, yes, shabbily clad. They had thick furs, but the furs were worn and torn. I saw some landowners in very valuable furs, both Russians and Buriats. No one insulted them, as in the first days of the Revolution, with the hated epithet *bourzhooy.* A man can get intoxicants, if he wants them and has the money. Andriushka was fond of a glass of vodka, but he was very moderate. Quite possibly there are drunkards, but they stay at home; I did not see a single one.

Afanasii Sergeevich loved his city. For him Verhneudinsk, with its little, simple, whitewashed brick cottages and its gayly painted timber houses, with its broad, straight, roomy streets and its public squares, was an earthly paradise. He would not trade it for any other town in the world. He liked to go to Urga now and then to visit his brother, but was always homesick to get back.

'Don't you miss the theatres, the music?' I asked.

'No, not a bit. We have a first-class movie-show; and if you care for that sort of thing I will take you to hear a balalaika concert tomorrow evening. More than that, when the high water comes in the spring we hear the roaring of the Selenga. We have beautiful bri-

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dle paths through the forests by which we ride out to visit friends in the outlying villages. We make excursions on the river up to Ust-Kiakhta and down as far as Lake Baikal. You cannot imagine how beautiful this country is when the young green verdure comes in the spring, or the gorgeousness of the flowers in the summertime! They make it a constant delight to be alive. Later comes the autumn when the river gets low and the foliage turns yellow. The country looks quite different then, but that is also very beautiful in its way. We measure the height of the river as a guide to navigation and for fishing. I never tire of feeling the pulse of the Selenga. Then comes the time when the leaves fall and the temperature sinks, and we have our first snow. It is cold enough now. At seven o'clock this morning it was thirty below zero; but it will be colder than that before January is over. Have you ever seen anything finer than our hills in their white mantle and the pine trees with the branches hanging low with their snow burden? You ought to feel at home here, if what I have heard is true—that this country resembles Sweden.'

Afanasii Sergeevich was a lyric soul and often quoted from Pushkin, Gogol, and the Russian poets. He was also fond of reading poems aloud. In fact he was himself something of a poet as well as a philosopher, engineer, architect, and artist, all in one. He had drawn the design for a high obelisk, which was to be erected soon in one of the public squares to commemorate the Revolution.

He never mentioned directly the great change that the establishment of the Soviet Republic had made in the life and customs of himself and his fellow citizens, but he had a blind faith in the brilliant future and the imminent marvelous growth of East Siberia. He grew enthusiastic over the construction of new railways to improve communications and to promote the development of the country. Some years before he had drawn elaborate plans for a railway to connect Kiakhta and Urga. He gave me a printed pamphlet describing this project. Though trade was prostrate now and everybody was poor, he believed this was merely a passing condition, inevitable after such a tremendous overturn.

'Naturally there are many defects in our present system,' he said, 'but they will be remedied with time. One thing is sure: the individual counts for more than he did formerly. A peasant, a mechanic, a laborer now knows that he is a person whose opinions cannot be entirely disregarded. When we once get back to peaceful conditions, and things begin to run normally, no one will want the old government back again.'

Perhaps it was easier for Afanasii Sergeevich to be an optimist and to see the future in glowing colors than it was for an average man. He had a government job and a regular salary. Probably there are many who had a hard time to make ends meet. On the train somebody told me that dilatory taxpayers are likely to have their property, even their household furniture, distrained and sold at public auction.

My first visit was to the Government Building, with Kostia as my guide. Our way took us through country-like lanes and across a big open square where the memorial for the revolution will stand, and finally to the streets leading to the heart of the city. Naturally there are no pavements in a Siberian provincial town. You don't miss them; but you do pity the draft animals whose duty it is to drag heavy carts and sledges through the sand. Verhneudinsk is situated on a rolling sandy declivity leading down to the river, and the soil is so light that vehicles sink deeply into it.

We dropped into a telegraph office as

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we passed, because I wanted to notify my family that I had reached Verhneudinsk safely. Let me merely say as a matter of information that my telegram cost twenty-four gold kopecks — about twelve and a half cents American currency — a word, and that two days later I received an answer from Stockholm. Pretty good service considering the circumstances!

At the bank I changed three hundred gold rubles into thirty *chervontsy*, and received in addition fifteen rubles and sixty-six kopecks in silver small change. One *chervonets* is nominally worth ten gold rubles. The extra silver apparently represented a slight depreciation in the chervonets, although the latter is supposed to be very stable. I got for a chervonets note, on the thirtieth of November, 14,300 paper rubles, *sovetskii znak* 1923, which means of the 1923 issue. I should have received for this note 14,300,000,000 paper rubles of the issue of 1921! Two days later I received 15,070 rubles in Soviet bills for one chervonets. In other words, the Soviet bills had fallen about a thousand rubles for ten gold rubles. The silver fractional currency in circulation in this part of East Siberia bore the design and the crowned eagle of the Tsar's Government, and yet seemed recently minted. At least all the coins that I saw were bright and clean. As soon as I crossed the border into Western Siberia nobody would accept them.

A person from America, China, or Mongolia, where money has a fixed value, is bewildered for a time by the four different kinds of money in Siberia: gold, silver fractional currency, chervontsy, and Soviet paper rubles, whose relative value is constantly changing and is different in different places.

Out of mere curiosity I stepped into a billiard saloon we passed on our way to the Government Offices. All four tables were occupied by young men in Soviet garb — that means wearing no collars, but with their Russian blouses buttoned up to the neck. Others were watching the players or sitting in groups and conversing. I asked Kostia how they happened to have time to idle thus in the middle of the day. She replied that they were government employees who took off an hour at noon. They were not playing for money.

I presume that scarcely one of my readers ever heard of the Government under which I now found myself, and I am frank to admit that I never heard of it before I reached Peking; and yet its territories have an area twice as large as South Germany. The population, however, is only 465,000. Nor is it surprising that we had not heard of this Government before, for it was only founded on August 1, 1923. Probably it is the youngest government in the world.

In contrast with Peru, China, Sweden, and other lands blessed with short, convenient names, the new Republic between Lake Baikal and Dalnii Vostok rejoices in the following appellation: *Buriatsko-Mongolskaia Sovetskaia Sotsialisticheskaia Avtonomnaia Respublika* — 'Buriat-Mongol Soviet Socialist Autonomous Republic.' In ordinary conversation this is abbreviated to 'Buriatsko-Mongolskaia Respublika.'

The capital is Verhneudinsk, and the motor that drives its political machinery is situated in the Government Building. We went thither, ascended to the second story, and called upon the First Commissar, a Buriat named Erbanov, Chairman of the *Burukhan*, or *Buriatskii Revolutsionnyi Komitet*. He was an excellent man and whatever he said was clear and plain. First of all he welcomed me to the young country whose first official he was. If he had known the day I was to arrive, he would have sent a delegation to meet me. He

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hoped I would at least deliver a lecture, and would stay until the third of December. On that day the Republic would be proclaimed in the presence of the delegates of all the country Soviets. He believed I would not regret remaining to witness this historical ceremony. Congress would be in session two weeks. The number of delegates is a hundred and fifty. The territory of the Republic is divided into nine *adjmak* or provinces and sixty-one districts, *choshun*. Each district sends two or three representatives to the Congress. The population consists of sixty per cent Buriats and forty per cent Russians, together with a small number of Ukrainians, Jews, and members of other nationalities.

Commissar Erbanov pointed out to me on a large, excellently executed map where the boundaries lie. The Republic borders on Lake Baikal on the west, Mongolia on the south, the Far Eastern district of Dalnii Vostok on the east, and Siberia proper on the north. These boundaries had been determined a short time before my visit at a meeting in Chita, in the presence of the President of the *Tsentralnyi Ispolnitelnyi Komitet Soiuza Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik*, — that is, of the Central Executive Committee of the Federation of Soviet Socialist Republics, — under the direction of Comrade Serafimovich. The Government of the Buriat-Mongolian Republic consists of Buriats and Russians, presumably in the same proportion as the population — that is, sixty per cent to forty per cent. In a general way the State is a member of that Federation of Republics whose central capital is Moscow and which takes orders from the Kremlin.

ECHOES OF ANCIENT CONTROVERSIES

BY DOCTOR ADOLF DEISSMANN

[*Doctor Deissmann is Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. He describes in the following article a remarkable collection of papyri just published in facsimile and translation by Mr. H. Idris Bell, a distinguished papyrologue of the British Museum. We give bibliographical data regarding this work under Books Mentioned.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung, June 27*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

This imposing collection of new papyri owes its historical unity to the fact that it contains only documents relating to Roman Egypt, and particularly to Alexandria. These portray the national passions and religious fanaticism that made the pogrom during that period an almost normal social institution. In the background of the letter of Claudius, for instance, we see pagans and Jews dwelling in deadly enmity at Alexandria during the lifetime of Philo and the Apostle Paul. Three centuries later we see the Orthodox Christians and Meletian heretics involved in equally bitter feuds.

The Claudius letter, dated 41 A. D., will prove a sensation to the world of scholars. It is, in my opinion, an unique contribution to the history of Egyptian

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Cæsar-worship, and throws a flood of new light upon the conditions of that day. Let me indicate merely one point. It has always been a puzzle why a man as conscious of his evangelical calling as was Paul never visited Egypt. I always attributed this to the fact that during the early years of Paul's preaching, when he planned his life work, Egypt was in such turmoil on account of the Jewish disorders under Caligula that it was useless to go there. Now we learn that Caligula's successor, Claudius, in a letter that was incidentally addressed to the Alexandrian Jews, warned them explicitly against any migration of Syrian Jews to Alexandria. Consequently there was a serious political obstacle in the way of Paul's journey thither.

The Meletian documents contain ten papyri of various lengths in the Greek and the Coptic languages. Practically all of them are letters, mostly addressed to a certain Apa Paieous, a convert from the Great Persecution. We possess in a previously published Verona codex a few letters from the beginning of this schism. The London papyri are peculiarly valuable because they are originals — that is, survivals from the period to which they relate — and because they represent the Meletian side of the controversy. Our previous knowledge comes mostly from the Athanasian camp. I can only sketch their contents. First is an important chronological correction. The Synod of Cæsarea, which was supposed to have been held in 333 A. D., is now shown to have been held on the nineteenth of March, 334 A. D. The letter that specifies this states that the purpose of the Synod was 'to take steps to purify the holy Christian community.' The Greek word employed for 'Church' in this document is *Plethos*.

The jewel of this collection is Papyrus No. 1914 — a long letter written by the Meletian monk, or cleric, Kallistus, presumably in May or June, 335 A. D. A person who reads this poignant communication with a little imagination feels as if he were actually present in the ancient Christian world. Unhappily it is by no means a pleasant world, although the Meletians, with their heroic fervor of martyrdom, produce upon the whole an admirable impression. The Meletian Isaac, Bishop of Letopolis, pays a visit to the Meletian leader in Alexandria, 'Pope' Heraiskus, and dines with him in 'the camp.' Adherents of Athanasius, angered at the presence of the heretical Bishop in their city, invade the camp with drunken soldiers, in order to seize their opponent. Bishop Isaac and Pope Heraiskus are rescued by 'God-fearing' soldiers in the camp, whereupon the wrath of the invading soldiery is vented upon four other Meletians, who are brutally beaten. The mob then hastens to 'The Sun Gate,' as the inn where the Meletians had spent the night was called, where its members threaten the proprietor, arouse his guests, and carry several of them off to prison. Thereupon the *Præpositus*, or commanding officer, begins to think the matter has gone too far. He sends the Bishop the following message: 'Last night when I was drunk I committed a sin and mistreated the brethren.' The letter then adds: 'and to purge himself of the sin he took Holy Communion, although he was a Hellene' — that is, a pagan.

The dramatic background of this glimpse into the realities of that ancient day is afforded by the great shadow of Athanasius that lurks behind everything. The writer of the letters makes him personally responsible for whatever happens. He cites a whole series of acts of violence committed by this priest of the Church against the

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Meletians. As seen by the eyes of Kallistus, Athanasius was by no means the inflexible man of granite that he is usually represented. Quite the contrary; he was uneasy, nervous, timid. His own position was uncertain. The reports concerning Church politics that came from Emperor Constantine were most discouraging. On one occasion Athanasius's luggage was already aboard a vessel in the harbor, preparatory to flight, but the wavering prelate eventually had it brought back to the city. To fly or not to fly? Athanasius was helpless and irresolute. Kallistus certainly did not invent all that.

The Paphnutius collection contains seven letters, all addressed to that person. This Paphnutius — or, as it is sometimes spelled, Papnutius — happens to be an old friend of mine. Many years ago I published in my *Septuaginta-Papyri* a letter written by a certain Justinus to Papnutius, taken from a collection of papyri in the University Library at Heidelberg. The collection of letters at London belonged originally to the same lot as the Heidelberg documents, among the papers of a Christian anchorite of Athanasius's time. Paphnutius must have had an extensive religious correspondence, for his prayers were reputed to be remarkably effective, and many unfortunates appealed to him to intercede for them with the Divinity. These letters, therefore, are an exceptionally valuable contribution to the history of true Christian piety in the days of the great doctrinal controversy, and throw much light upon this controversy itself. They are in a class by themselves, and no less valuable than the second collection published in this volume, even though the editor's conjecture regarding the latter at first sight seems incredible.

Mr. Bell suggests — at the same time noting the grounds for his uncertainty — the possibility that Papyrus No. 1929, which is an original letter, was written by Saint Athanasius in his own hand. A person catches his breath at the mere suggestion, and I feel sure that it will be widely questioned. None the less, the fact that this experienced investigator, after carefully comparing the language, the contents, and the form with material from other letters of the period, and writings and letters of the Church Father, makes this surprising suggestion, gives the supposition great weight. The Meletian papers come from sources so close to the great man that the possibility of recovering a letter written by Athanasius's own hand is not, a priori, incredible.

The letter is a request by Athanasius to Papnutius to pray for him at a time when serious illness afflicted his family. It is a real letter, therefore, no mere literary epistle relating to doctrinal controversies. We know that Athanasius cultivated close relations with the monks. It is by no means inconceivable that the great leader of the Church at times felt the need of the intercession of a pious anchorite. I will not venture to express a personal opinion until I have had an opportunity to verify certain details, but I propose to present here a version of the letter for what it is, at all events, unquestionably worth. It is a remarkable paper, merely as a document of Egyptian Christianity dating from the lifetime of the great protagonist of Orthodoxy.

The letter bears on the reverse this address: 'To the Dear and Beloved Father, Papnutius. Athanasius, in our Lord God.'

The text, which is mutilated in places, reads: —

'To the Dear and Beloved Father Papnutius, Athanasius, in Our Lord God, (sends) Greeting.

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'May Almighty God and His Christ grant that thy Piety may long remain with us, and may remember us in thy prayers. For so long as thy Holiness bides with us, all will be well with us in every way. To-day I beg of thee to hold us with especial fervor in thy thoughts. For prayers coming from thee are heard, on account of thy holy love, and as thou entreatest in holy prayer . . . our own. I am justified in my conviction that thou hast us constantly on thy mind. I know that thou lovest us. I am in deep concern over Didyma and Mother, for Didyma . . . and my mother is ill, so I am in great distress, inasmuch as I am ill likewise . . . and I feel greatly cast down. But I have faith in Him Who is the salvation of us all. In the midst of our sorrow and illness we have taken joy in the fact that thou hast bethought thyself of us, and hast sent us Horion, the good son.

'Theodosius . . . Antiochus, Didyma, Mother, all the members of our household, send thee their manifold respects, and greet thee, dearest beloved Father.

'May Divine Providence guard thee for a long, long time, and keep us ever in thy mind, beloved and most dear one.'

VILLAGE LIFE UNDER THE SOVIETS

From *Krestianskaia Rossia*, 1923 and 1924
(Prague Non-Bolshevist Political and Economic Journal)

Forced to flee from Moscow to the country in the spring of 1919, in order to escape from incessant requisitions, arrest, and possible imprisonment, I spent more than three years in the village where I had taken refuge, most of the time as a school-teacher. I think I may say that I know very well indeed the life and feelings of that particular village and its immediate neighborhood. Its people are typical Great Russians, most of them able to read and write, and many of them Old Believers. They are fairly well-to-do, and the land question is not acute. For generations they have lived much in the same way as they live to-day. I witnessed the attempts of the Soviet Government to destroy the ancient pattern of their village life — attempts that proved futile and ridiculous.

What a difference between city and country! In the cities the old ways of life have utterly disappeared except for some pitiful remnants to which a few scattered survivors of the old days cling; but here in the village the same church festivals are held as of old, with beer and rough fighting; there are informal evening parties with accordion music; there are local fairs that even at the best never brought together much merchandise; and there is still the same local justice — each peasant defends his half-inch of land or his stray chicken with a cart shaft in his hands. Ivan Nikolaev was a wealthy meat-dealer and he has grown steadily wealthier under the Bolshevist régime; Anna Romanova was a poor widow in a half-ruined hut and remains so to-day.

True, there was a moment when our village was run by its Committee of

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Poverty. Its members tried 'to make mischief' as the villagers called it, but were promptly stopped. Now these members are again hired hands in the homes of the more well-to-do, but on harsher terms than ever. Our village rowdy, Kuzka, rose to the rank of a commissar, but his honor was short-lived, for his fellow-commissars intrigued against him and speedily thrust him out of his position. He is now the same rowdy that he used to be and gets a good beating every now and then from some indignant fellow-villager. A host of former waiters and janitors came back from the city to their ancestral village soon after the Revolution; but they could not stand the strenuous labor of the fields and the dullness and roughness of village life and soon betook themselves to parts unknown. Mechanics such as tailors, shoemakers, and locksmiths, who formerly spent a considerable share of their time as journeymen in the towns, also returned to the village. They have been able to earn a fairly good living there, and yet they form a sort of country proletariat beside the landed peasants who constitute the village bourgeoisie.

I cannot say that no changes occurred since the Revolution. The village has grown wealthier, but this applies only to those who were well off before; the poor people, on the other hand, are for the most part poorer than ever. Quite a little gold is hoarded in the village secretly, and there is enough paper money for all normal needs. The peasant standard of living has not changed materially. To be sure, the richest marriageable girl, who would have had three golden bracelets perhaps in the old times, now wears a necklace made of bracelets. The meat-dealer's son wears his watch on three gold chains. A few young village bloods have trousers made of bright-green cloth obviously stripped from billiard tables. The girls produced a furor at the church festivals by appearing in heavy skirts made of costly window draperies. A neighboring village is clothed all in one color, having procured a large quantity of upholstering material from a hungry landowner in return for provisions.

But all this magnificence has now begun to fade. Our gramophones screech hoarsely, our hens are laying eggs inside of grand pianos, our magnificent mirrors are opaque with fly-specks. The bright-green trousers of our youthful gallants are patched with dull homespun cloth, and the net underwear which our village young men of fashion liked to wear over their vests has become so dilapidated that it cannot be mended at all. The saddest part of this change, however, is that not only are gramophones and billiard cloth becoming scarce, but also salt, sugar, kerosene, and cotton sheeting.

The peasant's opinion of his new Government, I imagine, may be estimated by striking a balance between what he has received from the Revolution and what he has been called upon to sacrifice for the Revolution. Unquestionably the peasants received a good deal of land; but we must not forget that, according to the peasants' thinking, all land has always belonged to them, that their actually coming into possession of it was simply a restitution of what belonged to them and not a generous gift of the Bolsheviki.

In return, what have the villagers been asked to give to the new Government? We cannot state this in exact figures, for the rate of taxes changes frequently. The peasant must deliver to the Government a specified quantity of grain per dessiatine — or its equivalent, in an emergency, in flaxseed or wild cranberries. He must pay a potato and vegetable tax in kind. He must pay similar taxes in hay, straw, berries, mushrooms, butter, homespun cloth,

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bags, and other commodities that he produces. Furthermore he must pay a money tax on his cattle, and a tax of meat, hides, and wool in kind upon those he slaughters. There is a flax tax, there is a tax of a specified number of eggs per dessiatine — yes, eggs per dessiatine! Still another tax must be paid on every cartload of firewood hauled from the forest, though the forest has been proclaimed village property. Last of all, there is a poll tax, which must be paid in money. Then there are numerous other requirements, special taxes in kind levied upon shoemakers and felt-makers, and requisitions, such as the obligation to furnish so many carts for Government work, to clear the roads of snow, to cut timber, to repair the roads, to drag logs to the mills, and others of the same sort.

It would be hard to say whether the actual burden of these taxes or the irritation caused by the stupidity of the tax-collectors is the greater grievance; not infrequently the taxes in kind mould and rot after they have been stored by the Government, the firewood freezes fast into the rivers, and 'moonshine' is distilled from grain collected by the tax-gatherers although some families in their jurisdiction may be without bread. Requisitions of labor are made without any regard to the convenience of the villagers. A peasant will be ordered to report in person, with his cart and horse and food for his horse and himself, to work for the Government right in the busiest days of the crop season. A tax in straw will be levied and forcibly collected in the early spring from a family whose only cow is too weak to stand and must be supported by cloth strips from the stable roof.

Naturally the villagers know nothing of the theoretical ideas of the new Government. I do not remember having heard a single lecture on Karl Marx, the 'Bloody Entente,' triumphant imperialism, and the like, during all my stay in this village. The slogans of the Bolsheviki are in evidence only upon the posters and newspapers in the town. To the villagers the new Government always means some concrete act — for example, that Ivan Kuzmin's cow must be requisitioned.

But if the peasants hate the Bolsheviki and their Soviets, which are invariably composed of people who know nothing of the peasants and their interests, what would they like in the way of a government? That is a question I am asked whenever I discuss my village experiences. I do not know that I can give a reliable answer. My feeling is that the peasants do not form definite opinions on this subject, that they have no idea of the kind of government they would like. They merely know the things they would like to have a government do for them. First of all, it should confirm all they have gained in the Revolution. Next, it should lighten taxes and see that the villages secure the necessities they now lack. Have they a preference for any particular form of government? I do not think so. It is a matter of indifference to them whether their ruler be a Tsar, a President, or a Directory. When they say the country needs a *khoziain* — a master — they speak figuratively. Neither does the fact that some cottages have portraits of Nicholas II signify anything. My impression is that the villagers would regard a return to Tsarism with apprehension, because they remember the kind of officials the Tsar used to have.

It is easy to guess their conception of the State itself. Their attitude toward it is that of the defenders of a fortress who are periodically called upon to resist the State or to make terms with it, generally using bribery as their most powerful weapon.

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Meanwhile the peasants have become increasingly self-sufficient. My neighbors tan their leather themselves — in great secrecy, to escape the notice of Government agents; they weave linen cloth and lighter fabrics; they make felt and they dye goods very well with a preparation from marsh weeds; they light their houses with the ancient *luchina* — lightwood torch; they make rope out of hemp and have learned to get along without nails and metals. Indeed when the 'station proletariats,' as they call the Government agents, who have their headquarters mostly in the railway stations, make them unusually angry, they even swear that they will get along without the railroads, which bring nothing but trouble.

My school was usually kept in the izba of Ilia Kucherenok. In the old days the owner got twenty-five rubles rent a year for his house and felt duty-bound to keep it in reasonable repair. Now he receives no rent and, considering that he is a benefactor anyway, he uses the big stove that occupies one third of the interior to cook his food and to dry his clothes and his grain during school hours.

No official curriculum was prescribed for my school. I knew that I ought to teach the children to read and write, the elements of arithmetic and a little nature-study, modeling, singing, and dancing. There were no school supplies. At first they used to send us one pencil and two pens a year, but this munificence soon ceased. I unearthed in my old country-house several books and began to teach my pupils to read and write the new orthography from texts that were printed in the old one. I also taught them a little geography and nature-study from pictures in the old weekly, *Niva*. The peasants maintained a perfectly passive attitude toward the school. Their common-sense told them that the pupils could not learn much without pencils and school supplies, but they revolted at the modeling and dancing. The idea of teaching their children to make little things of clay simply infuriated them, and they positively forbade me to take clay into the classroom. They realized the advantage of education; they offered to support the school themselves if they could have the kind of school they wanted — that is, with religious instruction and reading and writing and no modeling and dancing. The local Soviets rejected this proffer and as a result a full score of schools in our own district closed for lack of support.

I remember vividly the tragic time we had when the Bolsheviki placarded the cities with their famous motto: 'No more illiteracy!' It was enforced in my village by driving a crowd of women forty and fifty years old to the school. I was promised twenty pounds of kerosene if I would teach them to read and write. The classes were held evenings, just when every mother of a family milked her cow and 'tidied up.' There was a great wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth when the order was enforced, and the business naturally came to an end in a week or so.

We had a teachers' association with a high-sounding title — 'Professional Union of Workers in the Art of Enlightenment and Political Culture.' We were a useless, voiceless, helpless body, for naturally we could not question, far less dispute, the dictates of the authorities from the city if we hoped to keep our jobs. None the less we were compelled to go to town once a month to listen to the reading of papers, reports, and decrees, though we knew only too well that without books, pencils, or paper we could make no practical use of all the reforms promulgated. I recall that one decree required the children of our village to gather pine

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cones and to send them to the proletariat of the neighboring town for fuel.

Another meeting remains especially fresh in my memory. In April the villages of our district are virtually isolated from the rest of the world, for the roads are impassable for either sleighs or carts. But we had to obey orders, and so we trudged to town, ten or fifteen miles away, through deep icy mud in our dilapidated shoes or soaking-wet felt boots. We were faint and hungry, for there was no more grain left in April. At the railway station they gave each of us a glass of tea without sugar and then our superintendent began to read circulars, and one of them directed us to begin immediately to teach the children of our villages Esperanto! We did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and so we did a little of both — laughed at the boundless stupidity of man and cried at our own sorrow and misery and helplessness.

Meanwhile, however, the peasant is slowly — very slowly — making mental progress, though within the rigid moulds of his century-old tradition. To understand the nature and the trend of this progress would require living his life for years. I do not venture to generalize; I shall merely cite a few examples. Among my many friends were two local Communists, the Rybkiny brothers. They were considered radicals even before the Revolution, owned a little private library, and were eager for knowledge. When the October revolution came, they immediately joined the Bolsheviki. The elder went to the city, plunged into the maelstrom of Bolshevism, served in the Cheka, saw the Party from the inside, and left it, declaring that only thus could he be a true Communist. It looks as if he would eventually end his days by the bullets of his less idealist but more powerful former party-comrades. The other brother preferred to remain a peasant and stayed in the village. This settled his destiny. He left the Party and has become just like the other villagers.

My village life taught me how kind and tender and even thoughtful these people could be to a former *barynia* — lady. I learned how unjust was the general opinion that the villagers had invariably been cruel and brutal to the former estate-owners. True, one or two murders that looked like cases of personal vengeance did occur, and two or three manor-houses belonging to families who had trouble with their peasants were plundered and burned; but all of us who remained patiently and inconspicuously upon the little tract of land left us, — and this was often a farm of respectable size, — residing in our own houses, which in our district were never palatial, were generally allowed to keep even our personal belongings and furniture. We had a miserable time of it, but were far better off than members of our own social class in the cities.

When, half crazed and half starved, I fled from Moscow to the country with my daughter, our old peasant friends brought us bread, cheese, cakes, and milk, to supply our immediate needs. They gave us seed to plant, and helped us to get in our hay, oats, and rye, refusing the meagre remuneration we offered them. Their kindness was still more noticeable after I became the village school-teacher. They gave me much useful advice to guide me in my relations with the authorities — the fruit of wisdom acquired by their own bitter experience. They often invited me to their family gatherings and brought me better food when I was sick. Even Mishka, a village rowdy, invariably presented me with the first onions and first beets from his garden.

It is true, these same villagers could

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be brutal when defending their rights or what they believed to be their rights. In 1920, when every head of grain was precious, it was regarded as a crime to touch even the scattered ears along the roadside near the edge of the field. A man from the neighboring village was seen gathering these ears and warned to stop. When he repeated the offense, he was given no second warning, but was found murdered on the road next morning. Not one of my kindly neighbors had a word of condemnation for the murder. On the other hand, one cold spring morning, when my daughter and I sat wondering what we would do for dinner, steps were heard outside, and a heavy bundle was deposited at the door. The unknown visitor hastened away. We opened the door and found a full measure of potatoes, at that time a very valuable article indeed.

I never shall forget the gratitude they showed me for every kind word, for every little scrap of garment I had given them in my better days, for every piece of candy I had given to Mishka at the time when that meant no sacrifice to me. They repaid me bountifully when I was helpless and dependent on their mercy.

Such is the village where I have lived, and which I have tried faithfully to describe.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. II

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, July* 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Not far from the village flowed a broad river that harbored between its green, reedy banks numerous crocodiles; and when I wearied of my researches among the black men I would ensconce myself behind a cane cluster as high as my shoulders, and watch these mighty reptiles. One day as I was thus employed, in company with a black fellow from the village who had attached himself to me for the afternoon, three very large crocodiles rose to sun themselves upon a narrow sand-bank in the middle of the stream. Their yawning, serrated jaws and roughly embossed bodies were like a picture from an antediluvian age.

As we crouched watching them, the black boy nudged me with excitement. 'Here comes another,' he said, and stooping close to the ground pointed through the cane stalks to a silent movement in the water close to our shore. A moment later a great snout appeared and its owner clambered up the bank like a long, broad gangplank mysteriously thrust out of the muddy stream. It was evidently a female and, as the rough, knobby hide showed, rather old. After cautiously examining the vicinity with her head tilted up at an acute angle, she took several quick steps along the bank, and half disappeared in the sedgy vegetation.

'What does she want there?' I asked the black boy.

He did not answer at once, but watched with sparkling eyes the ani-

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mal's tail, which moved back and forth with a curious, caressing motion. 'Perhaps she has young ones there,' he whispered.

'Let 's see,' I signaled silently.

He checked me with a gesture of caution and added: 'Perhaps there are eggs, too.' Then, as the animal began to crunch her teeth amid the reeds, he continued: 'They must be just coming out.'

I stared intently at the crocodile and asked: 'Why do you think that?'

Equally absorbed in what was occurring he answered in a whisper: 'When the eggs are ready to hatch, the mother bites the ends, so that the little ones can come out easier.'

Astounded at this information, I watched more intently than ever, saying to myself: 'What luck!'

A moment later the black boy resumed: 'Perhaps, though, the little ones are already out. The old one may be chewing up fish for them.'

Whatever her purpose, the crocodile kept steadily at her work. We could hear her jaws crunching softly in the reeds, while her tail still swept the sand caressingly. Suddenly she drew back cautiously from the reed brake, made a short turn toward the river, and sank silently in the eddying water.

We sprang up eagerly, scaring the crocodiles on the sand-bar, who plunged into the river with a single splash. The black boy shouted: 'We forgot them.'

'No matter now,' I said, as we made our way cautiously through the reeds, keeping our eyes fixed on the point where the mother crocodile had been. 'Can't the little ones get away?'

My companion shook his head doubtfully and answered: 'They might crawl off.'

At that moment we emerged from the reeds on a narrow strip of sand at the edge of the river. 'There 's where the old one came out,' said the black boy, pointing to a parallel row of tracks leading from the water through the moist sand.

'Can you see the little fellows?' I asked with excitement, for his eyes lighted up as he caught sight of the end of the tracks, where a few scattered reeds stood in a glow of hot sunshine.

'There they are, all together,' he half whispered.

Looking more sharply at the point he indicated, I could make out several little green objects among the reeds, nestling in helpless contentment in the warm sand. They were perhaps half again as long as my hand.

'How old are they?' I asked.

'No longer just out of the egg,' he answered. 'I 'll get them.'

Detaining the black boy with my hand, I pulled off my jacket and folded it into a sack, intending to catch the little creatures myself, but he protested, 'I can get them better,' and I let him undertake the task. The young crocodiles, as if conscious of approaching danger, gathered in a little knot, heads outward, and snapped viciously in the air.

'They have scented us,' whispered the black boy, as he crept along the sand upon his knees with me immediately behind him.

When we were an arm's length from the little things, they flattened themselves against the sand with frightened eyes and extended their tails straight out as if about to bolt. 'Grab them quickly,' I said. The black boy pushed his right hand slowly and cautiously forward under the sand, and when it was close to the tail of the nearest one, snatched it with lightning-like grasp, lifted it between his fingers, and dropped it quickly into my jacket. The others were off in an instant. I saw two of them slip into the water and another dart away between the reeds as agilely as a rat.

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We walked along the bank with our booty until we came to an immense fig-tree, whose sturdy horizontal branches stretched far over the river, along which one could climb some distance from the shore. I had used their dense foliage as a blind before this, in order to get a shot at a crocodile, and decided to have another try to-day.

So I told the black boy to hide in the canebrake, and crawled along a thick limb until I was completely concealed in a dense cluster of leaves and branches a few feet above the yellow, eddying water. Not a sign of a crocodile could I detect in any direction. Presumably they had taken alarm when we were catching the little one. Thinking that they would soon come back, I settled down for a patient wait. As I watched the reedy banks the memory of a previous experience in this very place rose vividly before me.

I was waiting for a shot on the same limb where I was at present seated. It was a clear evening, and the light of the rising moon glittered on the water. Now and then the snout and jaws of a crocodile would rise to the surface, as their owner glided swiftly but silently along, catching fish, and a sharp snap of his teeth was audible as he swallowed his prey. Suddenly I heard a crackling in the canebrake and a troop of springbok emerged at the edge of the water. Drinking hastily, as if in fear of the crocodiles, they turned quickly and stormed off into the thicket. But a young one remained behind. In its heedless eagerness to quench its thirst, it had not followed the troop promptly, and now ran up and down the shore bleating and turning its trembling little head in all directions in search of its mother.

A presentiment that the tiny animal was doomed seized me, and I raised my gun ready to frighten away by a shot any crocodile that approached it. Just then there was a slight movement in the water near the middle of the river. A pair of glassy eyes emerged and instantly sank again. 'Get ready,' I thought, and waited tensely for the next move. Two or three breathless moments ensued. The little beast turned and came back closer to the water, bleating louder than ever. 'Why does n't he run away?' I muttered anxiously to myself. Just then a great pair of jaws shot up the bank, there was a crunching sound, and the young springbok disappeared like a flash in the water. It was done as quick as thought. I fired into the semidarkness, but my bullet merely raised a puff of dust in the sand. A few bubbles rose to the surface, and the river rolled on as smooth and silent as ever.

I shuddered at this recollection and, scanning the banks sharply, discovered several crocodiles on a distant sand-bar. 'They 'll be here soon,' I thought, as I watched the stream intently. But I was compelled to withdraw my eyes at intervals from the blinding reflection of the sunlight on the stream, and rested them by watching the shaded water directly beneath, where I could see fish of many varieties darting hither and thither in sport or in pursuit of prey. Once a great crocodile glided indolently downstream, just under the surface. Catching sight of me on the branch above, he shot off with a mighty sweep of his tail that made the placid water fairly boil.

I was beginning to tire of my perch in the branches, when I discovered a stone's throw downstream two dark spots on the surface of the river that I easily recognized as the eyes of a crocodile. The beast was perfectly motionless. Apparently it was studying a narrow, exposed sand-bar that extended in the form of an bow from

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the nearer shore. The monster seemed to be vaguely suspicious, and I dared hardly breathe lest I alarm him. Gradually the snout rose, and he lay there with only a part of his head exposed for a full quarter of an hour. I imagined I could detect in his deep-set eyes his eagerness for a sun bath on shore. But how prudent he was before risking that indulgence! Finally he made a decision and, without rising farther from the water, moved slowly landward. Just before he reached the water's edge he raised his head high, and then crawled with unmistakable satisfaction upon the bar, nosing his way to its sunniest and driest part. There he settled down with a quiver of contentment upon the hot sand, snapped his jaws together a few times toward the sun, and absorbed with lazily twinkling eyes the warm rays that beat upon him.

It was a male crocodile of more than usual length. Eager to have his knobby head as a trophy, I did not aim as usual at the skull, but decided to venture a shot at the breast. 'He will lie still enough,' I said confidently to myself. At the crack of my gun he snapped his jaws, a shudder ran down his back, and his tail lashed out as if he were about to plunge into the water.

'Get that crocodile,' I called to the black boy, and climbed back toward the shore as fast as I could. The fellow sprang out of the reeds with a wild war-cry, and shouting, 'I 'll get him,' cleared the sand-bar in three or four bounds, and drove his spear furiously into the wound, thus heading the beast off from the water. For an instant the crocodile seemed about to charge its aggressor, but collapsed helplessly, so that we easily rolled the dying monster upon its back.

'My spear finished him,' the black boy boasted proudly.

I praised him for his skill and courage as I walked alongside the crocodile, and watched its last quiver.

'Let 's skin him at once,' I added. But just then a violent spasm shot through the animal, and as the black boy and I sprang aside in alarm, with a mighty beat of his tail he twisted over upon his legs, paused quivering a moment hardly an arm's reach from us as we stood paralyzed with terror, and with another sweep of his tail shot into the lagoon inside the bar. Meanwhile, recovering our wits, we ran head over heels for the bank. As soon as we reached a point of security we stopped and watched with still shaking knees the seething and boiling in the shallow backwater.

'So he was n't dead, after all,' I said, blaming myself for trying to kill an animal so tenacious of life by a breast shot.

'He 'll come up in a minute,' said the black boy. 'A wounded crocodile won't stay in the water, because all kinds of blooksuckers and water worms get into the wound. See there,' he continued, as the boiling in the water became more violent, 'my spear 's still in the crocodile.'

'Let 's hide again, then,' I said.

The black boy vanished in the canebrake, and I hastened back to my fig-tree perch. The disturbance of the water continued as violent as ever. Apparently the crocodile found the spear very painful and was trying to remove it by whipping himself with his tail. I sat waiting tensely with my gun ready to fire. The water became more agitated. Now and then the animal's tail would shoot high in the air, and occasionally the broken spear-shaft would emerge. Then a moment's quiet would ensue, as if the animal were temporarily exhausted. Finally he emerged and crept partly up on the bar — just far enough to get the wound out of the water. Apparently the warm sun relieved his pain. An instant

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later I fired and put a bullet through his skull. This quieted him forever, except for one mighty snap of his jaws. But I did not feel quite safe again until he was skinned. He had abnormal, great lumps of fat, and we found in his stomach an odd collection of pebbles and the arm bone of a child.

We returned triumphantly with our booty, the black boy carrying the big crocodile's skin and I the little crocodile in my jacket. As we drew near the village the blacks hurried to meet us from all directions, shouting: '*Molunge* has caught a little crocodile.'

When I reached my tent all wanted to see the tiny captive and, anxious to examine it myself, I made the crowd stand back and shook out the little animal upon the ground. His appearance was greeted with an immense shout, at which the tiny beast faced his surrounding enemies and snapped his jaws as savagely as if he were twenty feet long. When I touched his tail with the muzzle of my gun he turned like lightning, snapped at it, and then started to dart away. As I blocked his path with my gun, and he twisted this way and that in his effort to escape, biting at everything in his path, I noted that he invariably headed toward the river, although it was more than a kilometre distant.

While I was verifying with growing astonishment this marvelous instinct, my bull terrier, who had been watching proceedings as an interested but passive spectator, suddenly decided to come to my assistance. He jumped back and forth over the little animal with short, sharp, nagging yelps, which the tiny beast answered with vicious snaps. But while he was in the midst of his amusement, the little crocodile, with an incredibly quick turn, sank its teeth in the terrier's ear. The latter rolled over and over with a diabolical howl, but the crocodile hung on like grim death. After a wild minute of spinning and somersaulting, the dog got the tail end of the crocodile in its mouth and, before I could stop it, bit the little creature in two.

This was high comedy intensely appreciated by the blacks, and when it was over a party of them started off for the river in festal mood, to bring back the body of the crocodile I had shot. A gray-haired old Negro explained to me: 'If we leave the body there, the crocodiles will eat us; but to-night we shall eat that fellow and have a big dance.'

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CORSICA IN SPRING

BY H. W. MASSINGHAM

From the *Spectator, July* 19
(CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

'*À l'odeur seule je devinerais la Corse les yeux fermés*' was a famous saying of Napoleon at St. Helena. The lovely island retains her scented breath, but it is only one of her distinguishing charms. All of them can be assembled in the expressive, the enigmatic word — beauty. Corsica has rivals, but they do not compare with her. Provence has its rather hard and melancholy grace, while the French Riviera flaunts its pretty, coquettish outline and towny glitter. But Corsica is a masterpiece, which, though man has wrought on it, softening its harshness, and patterning out its rich valleys and shaggy slopes into a fine tracery of orchards and terraced vines and little green garden-farms, remains the purest, most entire, and least spoiled design of Nature I have ever seen.

The design is of a perpetual variety. It is a gradation of highland and lowland scenery, rising from alluvial plain and still, blue lagoon, or from flower-strewn lawns threaded with streamlets, and bright as the fields of Enna, into the wonderful hill-country with its silver olive-groves and its changing but evergreen dress of cistus and myrtle and heather and arbutus. This is the *maquis*, or Mediterranean scrub, on which the Corsican climate, the Corsican agriculture, the Corsican beauty, all depend, and it reaches up from the open, park-like suburbs of towns like Ajaccio to the bare shoulders of the greater hills. Higher still is the forest land of ilex and pine and finally of chestnut, and highest of all the mighty peaks and snow-covered *arêtes* of the great central chain.

This scheme of loveliness is so laid out that one thinks, not of Nature's prodigal hand, but of the careful brain of some magnified non-natural Scottish gardener. Again and again the melody is set; again and again the composer rebuilds his fugue and combines it with some new variation of form and color. As for the lower fields, they are spring gardens of silver-gray asphodels, set in beds of dog violets and star anemones, or blue lupines, or yellow irises, or amid the feathery clusters of the wild asparagus or the fresh green of the young bracken, or glowing with purple orchises and the gay blooms of the wild cyclamen. Yet again the champaign becomes a land of rose-like white cistus, relieved here and there with the bolder coloring of the large purple variety. Later on comes the narcissus, and later still the myrtles break into starry flower. Then the gay procession ends, and autumn, and the southern sun which has made all this beauty possible, conquer it, and with the cessation of the rains the green tempers down into the brown of Provence.

That is one Corsica. You may see it all as your car rushes down the mountain side from the Chapel of San Bastiano to the plain of the Liamone and the sapphire sea, its white beaches fretted into a hundred pretty curves, that fills the Bay of Sagone. Little of wild beauty here. Just a patch of yellow gorse to deepen the white bloom

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on the cherry trees, or a group of poplars to overhang the new vine-tufts, or a grove of olive trees, heavenly bright on the side they turn to the sun that lights the sea a thousand feet below. But travel higher up, through miles of white cistus, past the old Greek town of Cargèse to Piana, the pleasant foreground of the tremendous panorama of the Calanches. The Calanches are a little like the Dolomites, just as parts of the maquis are a little like a wilder and more various Dartmoor. But these tremendous bastions, whose walls of red granite fall from an immense height sheer into the Gulf of Porto, impress the mind like no rock scenery I have ever looked on.

The mark of man's early handiwork was that it caricatured Nature. Here Nature seems to have tried her hand at caricaturing man. His face and figure, his art, his temples, and the forms and gestures of animals, appearing in a hundred mocking and distorted shapes, blend into an unintelligible picture of violent overthrow and piled-up ruin. And the knowledge that all this is fantasy, and that, if Nature designed anything, her aim appears not in these grinning parodies of the life of man but in his smiling conquests in the valleys below, has not an instantly reassuring effect on one's spirits. They rise again as one quits this Corsican Brocken and, winding swiftly down the gorge as it narrows precipitately, to plunge into some stream of Acheron beneath, lands amid the cherry blossoms and chestnut trees of Evisa.

Except for these wild episodes, the 'note' of Corsican scenery is not of a stern, far less a forbidding, type. In his *Studies in Corsica* Mr. J. W. Barry shows that, in describing the ascent to Paradise, Milton painted an unconscious, but none the less exact, picture of the Corsican bush with its

> Champaign head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied; and overhead there grew
> Insuperable height of lofty shade,
> Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
> A silvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view.

And if there be also 'flowers worthy of Paradise,' and trees of 'odorous gums and balm,' and 'mantling vines,' and 'fringed banks with myrtle crowned,' not these delights alone, but the mightier offerings of forest and mountain, make the Miltonic and the Corsican Eden.

The same mixture of charm and austerity constitutes, unless the witnesses speak false, the Corsican character too. If the vendetta is not yet a joke, banditry, even in the romantic person of Mr. Romanetti, — who stands, by general consent, at the head of his profession, — is tolerably near one. For Mr. Romanetti, like a more famous Frenchman, *donne dans la bergerie*, and it is whispered that his profits as a leading figure in the lamb and kid trade eclipse those of his more spectacular enterprise.

As for the average Corsican, I should not be disposed to give him high marks in the valet class. He is a little too much of an islander and a freeman for that. But he seems to have a genuine liking for a tolerably courteous and interested stranger. If the town Corsican is reproached with surliness, I did not observe it; on the contrary, our small company was most hospitably and kindly entertained. And save for the tiny brown donkeys, staggering and almost invisible under their stalwart or buxom riders, or the following load of fagots or household goods, — the Corsican seems to be continually in a state of 'removing' somewhere, — the sights on the road — the swineherd enticing his charges

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to follow him by scattering chestnuts in their path, the flocks of pretty, long-haired sheep or goats, the women in broad straw hats or the graceful *mandile*, knitting as they walk, and often beautiful with the grave Italian beauty, the children with a smile and a greeting for the stranger — are all cheerful, and suggest the happy middle lot of mankind, cast between riches and dearth.

Is a touch of the unusual, so dear to the modern traveler's heart, required? You may find it in some swarthy shepherd, stepping out from the roadside maquis in brown velveteens and with a double-barreled rifle over his shoulder; or in a strolling pair of armed gendarmes, professionally equipped for an encounter which never — or is it hardly ever? — comes off; or, should you chance to be in Sartène on Good Friday, in a procession of penitents in black hooded cloaks, the chief penitent barefooted, dragging a heavy chain riveted to his leg, and bowed beneath the weight of a huge cross. For old custom lingers in a country where the people are few, though they seem to rear enormous families, and the means of communication, though easy and pleasant enough for visitors, hardly yet reach the mountain villages of the interior.

There is one disappointment. With all the effort you make to evoke the figure of the young Napoleon, it does not quite detach itself from the memorials which Ajaccio rather pressingly commends to your eye and mind. In this garden, no doubt, the young dreamer once walked; in that bare little chamber he wrote his wild books and plotted his schemes of fame and power. But somehow he never seems quite real. Charles Bonaparte and Madame Mère, and the weird sisters, are all intelligible enough. Napoleon remains a vision, elusive and mysterious as the enchanted island herself, when you catch your last glimpse of her headlands from the darkening sea.

ALFREDO PANZINI — PACIFIST, PESSIMIST, HUMORIST

BY MAURICE MURET

From *Le Journal des Débats, July* 4
(Quasi-Official Conservative Literary and Political Daily)

The Italian novels of Signor Alfredo Panzini are not merely written in excellent language with infinite wit and spirit, but they have the added merit of being as amusing as can be. No one could expect to find anything funnier in the bookstore than *Hunting a Wife* or *Il padrono sono me*, but there is nothing new in the observation that gay authors are often very sad men at bottom. Figaro hastened to laugh at things in order that he might not weep, and this is the state of mind of many, many humorists.

It is the state of mind of Signor Alfredo Panzini. One might have doubts of this philosophy as it is revealed in stories which appear so comic;

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but I discern a striking confirmation of it in his war journal, recently published under the title, *Diario sentimentale*, which covers the period of Italian neutrality, the phase extending from the month of July, 1914, to the month of May, 1915. It was not very comforting reading when it came out, and the second volume, which has just appeared, is still more discouraging. It is less a journal of the emotions than a journal of catastrophe.

If hypocrisy were not already in the world — altogether too much in the world — Panzini would have invented it. He asserts in his preface that the first volume of his memoirs met with little success from the public. I am not surprised at that and I should be very much astonished if his fellow countrymen found his second volume any more pleasing. Imagine the little shiver of joy with which they must have looked through the bookseller's window at a 'new Panzini,' how each went in, bought it, and hurried home, his spleen already vanishing at the mere thought of the bursts of laughter that awaited him. And then they all found Signor Panzini dragging them after him on a lugubrious excursion through the valley of the shadow of death! Having been deceived themselves, of course they warned other readers of their favorite author's treason, and so the remaining copies of the book dried and shriveled in the bookseller's window. Ah, Signor Panzini, it will not do to play tricks with your readers and throw them off the track! Your public greeted you as a creator of joy. It holds against you now the pain you have given. Subtle and facetious humorist, tell us a gay story quickly in order that we may forgive you!

Does this mean that Signor Panzini's sadder moods are without merit? Far from it. For my part I have read with the liveliest interest these reflections of an Italian set down in a characteristic fashion day by day through the tragic years of the great upheaval. Not once does the name of Gabriele d'Annunzio appear under the pen of Signor Panzini, and this silence — the same device for ensuring prudence that Valentin Conrart hit upon to his delight — is full of eloquence. If Signor Panzini does not speak of d'Annunzio, it is no doubt because he knows that he could only find fault if he named him at all. Nothing could be further from the heroic frenzies to which the poet of the *Laudi* sacrificed himself during the war than the spirit of desolate resignation which appears in every line of the *Diario sentimentale*.

Signor Alfredo Panzini was in favor of neutrality before May 1915. He was still in favor of it after that date and up to the end. It was not permissible to manifest such feelings during the war — indeed it is novelty enough to find any traces of such feeling in so exquisite a literary man.

Signor Panzini was not in 1915 a Germanophile, but he could not forget that Italy was an ally of Germany and Austro-Hungary. He saw nothing heroic in going over to the other camp, though he personally had always striven against the superstitious cult of which Germany and the Germans had become the object in Italy, and on account of that fact had even been sneered at and reviled. He could not help asking how Italians, who the day before had been all admiration for Germanism, could now be dreaming of nothing but the restoration of the Latin ideal in all its ancient splendor. Most of all Signor Panzini was saddened when he saw the war catch Italy too in its bloody embrace, — Italy, which had at first kept out, — for it was war in and of itself which he detested. He did not want to believe in it, and when he saw it burst out he received a shock from

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which, it is easy to see, he will never wholly recover. 'Our amazement is very great. If, after I die, I should really find myself in the valley of Josaphat [the spot traditionally designated as the scene of the Last Judgment], I should feel no less amazed. Ah! Thou dost not believe in the valley of Josaphat.'

Signor Panzini delights in contemplation and meditation, he has a soul which is naturally good, and the war, which brought to the front the bestial side of human nature, filled him with terror and disgust. 'To-day I am discovering the complete animality of the human being, which is like that of the ant, like that of any insect. Yes, that is what we are — big insects that talk.' He remained convinced, however, that the Italian is less warlike than the people who surround him, and in this he was right. The big confectioner at the corner, who made strawberry ices and who was terrified by the airplane raids, said to him: '*El noster pover Milan tant pacific!*' And it is true that the Milanese, like the other inhabitants of the peninsula, are a peaceful lot. Woe to those who have made them warlike!

Everyone remembers what the word 'defeatist' meant during the war. Signor Panzini practised out and out defeatism. He shrugged his shoulders at the declarations of the Allies, swearing that they would never lay down their arms till victory. He was fed up on the verbal orgy. Victory was impossible. If anyone was to emerge victorious from the war, it would be Germany. 'Our democracies,' he said, 'have produced neither a great warrior nor a great politician. In Germany, on the contrary, there exists an aristocracy which knows, which feels, which commands, and a people who obey. The war god has done the rest.'

Democratic principles do not enjoy the favor of literary men to-day, but Signor Panzini pursued them with especial animosity. He hunted down their origins to curse them. The spectacle of a beautiful palazzo with the charming inscription, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*, inspired in him this violent outburst: 'Oh, pleasant epoch of the *Settecento*, when people enjoyed their comedies and feasts in this palace! What a strange sensation! After the French Revolution the world began its tragedy.'

Poor French Revolution! People blame so much on it — so much that one is almost tempted to defend it against its systematic detractors. I still retain a lively memory of a conversation with Jules Lemaître at a time when he still professed free thought of a very audacious kind: 'Every evil thing took its rise at the time of the Reformation. Catholicism was about to become a beautiful religion, very human, very practicable, when along came Luther, Calvin, and the rest of them to spoil everything. They made Loyola and the Jesuits a necessity. We owe to them the religious antagonisms of the modern world as well as the strength of Christian ideas. We could have gotten along very well without that.'

Who was it, then, that caused this misfortune? To whom do we owe 'the tragedy'? Is it to the Reformation? Or do we perhaps owe it rather to something simpler — to human nature? No doubt it was not part of human destiny that man should live happily, but we shall never succeed in getting this dismal truth into our heads. That is why we blame sometimes the Reformation, like Jules Lemaître, sometimes the Revolution, like Signor Panzini.

It is easy to imagine Signor Panzini's surprise when the whole thing ended in an Allied victory. That was his awakening at the bottom of the valley of Josaphat. Signor Panzini could not

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believe his eyes. This stubborn pessimist, however, seemed quite incapable of feeling a joy which he had been unwilling to hope for. The Russian Revolution, to his entire satisfaction, ruined everything in which he might feel content. He writes: 'The Russian Revolution exercised a kind of paralysis over me. No matter how European civilization can cure its wounds, the Russian Revolution obsesses my mind as the most amazing fact of the war.' One admires Signor Panzini's haste to discover the sadness of things, and is struck once more by the way in which the writer — just as he does in his stories — discovers the comic side of life. Merry when he is inventing, sad when he is observing — such he appears in his works, taken as a whole

OYSTERS OF SAINT DAMIAN

BY ALFREDO PANZINI

[*Alfredo Panzini is a distinguished Italian scholar and writer whose novel,* Il padrone sono me, *attracted much favorable comment among critics a year or two ago and was called by Pirandello 'one of the masterpieces in the Italian language.' He was born at Sinegaglia in* 1864, *studied under Carducci at the University of Bologna, and became a teacher of philology at the Milan University and others. His earliest works were humorous sketches and personal reflections and memories. Only after many preliminaries of this kind did he begin to write novels. After the war he gave up scholarship, and is devoting himself entirely to literature.*]

From *La Revue Bleue, June 7*
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

I HAD been spending the morning struggling to explain the poetry of Romeo di Provenza, and I really felt the need of a little refreshment. At that moment I happened to pass one of the finest and most fashionable restaurants in the city.

'Well, well. Yes,' I said to myself, 'yes, I 'll go in here. Just for once in a way it won't do any harm. How much extra shall I spend? A lira or two, and have n't I just drawn my salary? *Nonne meruimus hodie stipendium?*' And thinking thus, without further reflection and giving myself no time to change my decision, I swung the glass door back jauntily and strode into a beautiful room where long tables were spread with fine linen of dazzling whiteness and where huge padded divans, upholstered in velvet, tempted you to sit down. I had chosen the restaurant solely because of its culinary reputation, and I was not disturbed in the least at the prospect of enjoying it alone. To tell the truth, I should have gone there before if I had not felt a certain aversion for these head-waiters with their smooth-shaven faces who look haughtily down on you over the tops of their high stiff collars, lead you to your table, place themselves straight in front of you, and seem to read the history of your life as if they would say: 'What are you doing here? You are no millionaire, no nobleman, no debauchee, no impresario of operatic stars — no, not even a business man.

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You look like an honest fellow struggling with the world. For shame! What has brought you into a place like this which you are not used to? Hurry up and get out of here.' And they don't so much as thank you even if you tip them heavily.

Such was the train of my thoughts — but human judgment is subject to errors as you shall presently see.

Scarcely had I stepped inside when the owner — for it was evidently he who sat enthroned above the great marble counter — rose and came toward me, making me a very agreeable and highly deferential bow. He was a fine young fellow, slender, elegantly dressed, so cool and ruddy that he might have been a sherbet, and with such a flourishing air that he really did honor to the house.

'If the quail and the snipe in your restaurant,' I thought to myself, 'are as tender as you look, your place deserves its reputation. But watch out, my young friend. Never go off on any voyage of exploration into unknown countries, for if, by misfortune, you should fall among the anthropophagi, your return would be highly improbable.' Such was the harangue that I delivered within my mind even while I was replying to his smile and bow with a politeness equal to his own. Still smiling, he made cabalistic signs to a head-waiter so smart and so correct that in any other place I should have taken him indifferently for an honorable deputy, a fashionable lecturer, or some handsome æsthete. Yet he was nothing but an ordinary waiter.

He approached me, took off my overcoat, accepted my hat and stick, and led me to a retired table occupied by two silent Englishmen, who were eating with so much grace that they might have been absorbing pills in a drug store. From time to time one would murmur 'Yes,' while I, for my part, reflected that though their countrymen might eat with the extremest delicacy and restraint, they made up for it by the voracity with which they gobbled up nations and peoples. No sooner was I seated than my waiter, standing straight before me with one hand lightly resting on the table, asked: —

'Would you like to begin with a paté with truffles? It 's just out of the oven, and very good.'

First rate! Let us begin with the paté. I accepted.

'What wine would you like? We have some bottled Barolo, which is exquisite.'

'I do not doubt it, but I think I shall content myself with vin ordinaire.'

'Very good.'

An instant later he placed before me a gleaming metal porte-fiasco containing a bottle of Tuscan wine with the label, 'Chianti. Extra old.'

'This is too much,' said I. 'This must be a very expensive wine.'

'No, sir,' said the waiter, 'you will only drink what you want of it.'

With the tenderest care, I slowly poured the delicious drink into an elegant crystal tumbler, which I sipped with delight, thinking, as I did so, of the line in Redi's poem: 'Montepulciano, king of all the wines.'

As for the paté, it was of the rarest quality, though perhaps a little too highly spiced for my taste. As I was cutting the crust, I reflected that a cook who could prepare such a delicacy was really worthy of the gratitude of mankind. Presently the waiter reappeared and with an engaging smile suggested: —

'Now I should advise some *cappellati* from Bologna. They are fresh this morning and very fine.'

It would have been rude to refuse such disinterested advice. I accepted the cappellati, which were quite as perfect as the paté with truffles.

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'Now I shall bring Signor a quail roasted with mushrooms.'

I had already had enough, for my usual simple fare rarely went beyond a soup and a single course, but that paté had amazingly enlarged my capacity, and then it seemed a little stingy to stop with that. 'Still,' I said to myself, 'a quail with mushrooms would certainly reach a fantastic price which I could hardly afford.'

No doubt the waiter read my dismay in my face, for he hastened to add: 'A specialty of the house!'

How could I refuse? I did justice to the quail, which was in every way worthy of its high reputation. Its only fault was that it helped to bring down the level of the wine in the flask, which somewhat confused my thoughts.

'Now that is enough, my friend,' said I to the waiter, when he had taken away the miserable remainder of the quail, — there is nothing more dismal than such fragments! — but without paying any attention and with an air of authority he set before me a plate covered with a fine napkin beneath which, in their large, pearly shells, reposed six perfectly enormous succulent oysters.

'But I did not order these,' I cried, rather indignant.

'That is true,' said the waiter with the grace of a man of the world, 'but the oysters,' he added in a low voice, 'are extra. To-day,' he explained still lower, 'is Saint Damian's day.'

'What? I never heard that oysters had him for a patron!'

'No, no, sir, oh no! Not the oysters, but the son of the proprietor is called Damian, and as to-day is his name-day it is his custom to offer on this occasion an extra dish to those clients who honor us with their presence on this day of rejoicing in his family.'

What could I say? I might have doubted him had I not happened to lift my eyes to the counter where I beheld the elegant young man with the agreeable name of Damian, smiling at me as if to say: 'Go ahead, it 's perfectly true, the waiter is telling the truth. Eat them without any fear of owing us anything.' What more could I ask? Delicately lifting one of these precious mollusks, with all the perfume of seaweeds and sea breezes in it, I made a mouthful of it. I admit that the memory of that moment is 'still precious to my heart,' as the divine poet writes, though unfortunately I could not quote the entire passage because of my excessive libations. One by one the five other precious oysters suffered the same fate.

'A glutton,' I thought to myself, 'is very clever in making the earth and the air and the sea minister to his tastes. The vice of gluttony may be deplorable and unworthy of humanity, yet certainly the weakness of our nature makes us succumb to it more often than we should.' By an association of ideas, the empty shells made me remember the beautiful line of Zanella in his poem 'On a Fossil Shell': —

> When thou didst wander with the nautilus
> Ere man disturbed thy course . . .

The oysters disposed of, the waiter placed before me a basket of fruit: mandarin oranges, dates, and other products of that holy land which is the mother of all things fine and good. Impossible to say: 'No fruit!' After such a meal it would hardly have appeared correct. Suddenly my happiness was troubled by a cruel thought: 'Why does n't a professor's salary permit him to have such a meal every day?' As a matter of fact, every single course was costing more than the 5.80 lire which I have allowed myself through twelve years' service as a master-teacher. And to get rid of the feeling of regret, which served no good purpose save to disturb the digestion, I called the waiter.

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'What do you desire, sir?'

'The bill.'

He drew forth a black-leather note-book, brandished a terrifying pencil, and the crisp new notes which I had just drawn from the Finance Ministry wavered before my eyes.

'There you are, sir. Luncheon at our regular price, lire 2.50,' — he glanced at the flask, — 'fifty centesimi for wine. Total, three lire.'

I breathed again. Nothing could be more reasonable. I was on the point of crying: 'I 'll come every day!'.

'It 's a system of the house,' said this noble waiter modestly.

'Bring me a cup of coffee.'

'Would you like a little glass of cognac?'

'Why not? *Semel in anno* — '

When he returned with them, he murmured in my ear: 'Would you like a contraband cigar? I have some excellent Havanas.'

'Oh, that 's not honest!' I cried.

'Don't mind that. The inspector-general of customs dines here frequently, and he never smokes anything but my Havanas. He even has an extra supply laid by.'

'Oh, well, if that is the case — *Regis ad exemplum totus informabitur orbis* — '

And the excellent waiter offered me a marvelous Havana whose light and azure smoke, mingling with the fog of the wine and the liqueur, melted me into a sensation of infinite well-being. 'The world is fair, the future is superb,' I repeated with the great poet. Yes, certainly the world was fair, and I never even heard the sounds of the dining-room, which was gradually filling with the fashionable world. Suddenly I heard the door of the *comptoir* move gently, and as I slowly opened my eyes I beheld young Damian seating himself timidly before me. 'What can he want?' I asked with my eyes wide open this time. A placating, almost affectionate smile illuminated his beaming face. Then this distressing remark stopped all my digestive processes short: —

'I see that you do not recognize me, Professor, but I know you very well.'

'Alas,' I sighed within my heart, 'my poor incognito so suddenly lost!'

'It is true, sir, that I have not the honor — ' I stammered, while he continued to smile.

'I was your pupil ten years ago. You do not remember me any more, but I know you very well, Professor.'

I sighed deeply, and with a feeling of excessive delicacy I found myself a little vexed to be caught by a pupil in flagrant gluttony.

'Nevertheless,' I replied, 'I appreciate your remembering me. I am even extremely touched, but I teach so many young people that it is a little difficult to remember every one.'

'But you ought to remember me, Professor,' he insisted, still keeping up that unvarying smile.

'No, really,' I said.

'My name is Damian Saltori. That name ought to remind you of an incident.' He waited a few moments before uttering that terrible reproach: 'It was you, Professor, who inexorably refused to pass me in my examination. You even said: "Flunked." Now see what a good memory I have!'

'What story is this he is telling me,' I thought with dismay. Farewell my peaceful digestion! I do not know exactly what I replied, probably something like: 'Oh, forgive me, I did not do it purposely. If that is the case, I am very, very sorry.'

'But I owe everything to you, Professor,' exclaimed the enthusiastic young man. 'I owe my happiness and my fortune to you! How many times I wanted to stop you in the street to express my gratitude, and I never had the courage. To-day, when you came

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into my restaurant, I permitted myself — '

'I don't understand,' I replied, very ill at ease and somewhat fearful that my former pupil still remembered that figure of speech called irony.

'Why, it 's clear, clear as daylight! Don't you remember what you said to me?'

'Good heavens, no, no!'

'You said to me: "You 're a fine fellow, but for classical studies certain talents are necessary of which you have not a trace. One must have a bit of the artist, and you have n't any. You 're an oyster, an oyster!" Now see whether I remember well or not!'

The memory of those oysters, so exquisite and so savory but a moment or two before, made me blush, for my palate still retained their delicate flavor.

'No, really,' said I, extremely embarrassed.

'Yes, yes,' said young Damian. 'You even uttered another truth still more evident, which my parents were unwilling to admit. They wanted me to take my degree at any price to distinguish the family name with a Doctor's title, and they even thought about having me given private lessons at home, but I never could go Latin, and Italian exercises were a pure horror. So in firing me you did me the greatest favor.'

'But I don't remember — '

'Don't you remember a scene that took place between my father and you, Professor? Or that deputy, the family lawyer, who demanded my examination book from the chief of the examination committee in order to carry it up to the Minister of Education and demand a revision?'

'Oh yes, now I do remember. It was the Honorable Signor — Perhaps I had better not mention his name?'

'That fine deputy,' continued the sympathetic Damian, 'insisted that two and two should make six at any price. The chairman of the examination committee insisted on the same thing, and when you obstinately refused to admit it my father shrieked — I still laugh when I think of it: "What? I give my customers credit for hundreds of lire, and you, for a single point —"'

'What did you expect, Signor?'

'You did quite right, Professor. After the failure my parents understood. They sent me to Switzerland, as I always wanted them to, and I learned business and languages. I wanted to make my father's business grow, while my father, on the other hand, wanted to get rid of it. To-day I am a very happy man. You see,' he concluded, 'Cornelius Nepos was never meant for me.'

'Of course, of course!'

My former pupil insisted on helping me into my overcoat, himself held out my hat and stick, and begged me to return often to do honor to his house.

'I shall never forget the feast of Saint Damian,' said I.

'You are only too kind, Professor,' he said, opening the door for me. And I marched out of the restaurant, as if I had been a banker or a fat businessman who never counts the cost of his luncheon, with a magnificent Havana between my lips.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE

BY A. R.

[*Morning Post*]

PAUL'S bell rang eight
Over the square,
And Beauty walked
The evening there.

Paul's Dome lifted
O'er greening trees —
A benediction
Of rest and peace.

Paul's Dome keeping
His London town;
The half moon looking
From heaven down.

From a dim heaven
Of pearl and blue
Her misted silver
Glimmering through.

And, praising God
That the world was fair,
A blackbird fluted
Across the Square.

THE SWORD-BLADES

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN

[*Irish Statesman*]

I HAD a dream of sword-blades
in war at a river-bend,
a winter sun on the war-men,
who shouted and made an end;
wrinkled and weird their faces,
they brandished, cried out, and fought,
singled a foe and slew him,
with a wild exulting thought.

I had a dream, when the sword-blades
were finished and gone by,
of a strange lonely silence
over the trees and sky.

THE QUARRY

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

[*Adelphi*]

As the windhover
Drops on the shrew,
Love, O young lover,
Swoops down on you,
Bears your heart heavenward,
Tears it in two —

Swift with his capture
Soars through the light —
Yours the fierce rapture
Of agonized flight,
Talon-torn, terror-winged,
Into blind night.

THE MONUMENT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Beacon*]

I DON'T know what
the Monument
was meant by its builders
to represent.
'The fire of London!'
But did they intend
to show they were glad
it came to an end?
Or was the memorial
erected in pity,
because they foresaw
the rebirth of the City?

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE STONE OF SCONE

EVERY visitor to Westminster Abbey who pays the requisite thruppence is solemnly shown the Stone of Scone reposing beneath the coronation chair of the Kings of England. But visitors may not see it much longer. A bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. David Kirkwood, Labor member for Dumbarton Burghs, provides for the removal of the stone from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh.

The parliamentary report of Mr. Kirkwood's speech is worth quoting:—

Mr. Kirkwood asked for leave to bring in a bill to provide for the removal of the Scottish Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. He said that according to tradition this was the stone that Jacob had for a pillow at Bethel, when he was flying before his brother Esau, as the result of his having stolen Esau's birthright. It was taken by Jacob's family (*laughter*) into Egypt, or, according to the Bible at that time, into the land of Goshen, and it was in the possession of the Kings of Egypt for a considerable time. It was taken from Egypt to Ireland (*laughter*); it was on Tara's Hill 700 years B.C. That was according to tradition; he did not know whether it was true or not. What he did know was that the stone was Scottish sandstone. (*Laughter*) It lay at Scone for about 500 years, until there was a quarrel between Bruce and Baliol, and Edward I, called 'the Hammer of Scotland,' was brought in to arbitrate between the two. Edward went to Scotland as arbiter and called in all the evidence, searched all the archives of Scotland, and took all these with him to England along with the stone, according to Professor Innes's *Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*, which it would do a number of members a good deal of good to read. (*Laughter*)

He asked members who claimed to be Englishmen who put honor first, to weigh well his statement — which was not his (*laughter*), but taken from Professor Tytler's works on the history of Scotland (and this was why Scotsmen were so anxious to get the stone back to Scotland) — that Edward I considered that when he took the stone to Westminster he had taken Scottish independence with him. The stone was a symbol of Scottish nationhood. It was a venerable relic and Scotland had tried time and time again to get that venerable stone returned to Scottish soil. Edward thought in 1296 that he had completely conquered Scotland, that he had hammered the nationhood out of that country, which he never did (*laughter and cheers*), because he (Mr. Kirkwood) stood there to-day representing an unconquered race. (*Laughter and cheers*) When a year had elapsed the great Scottish national hero Wallace arrived on the scene (*laughter*), and practically chased the English out of the land.

After the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, when Robert Bruce completely defeated the English, they sued for peace. By the Treaty of Northampton in 1328 — and this was where their honor would come in — the stone and other relics should have been restored to Scotland. The reason given for the stone's not being returned was that the sentiment of London was against it. His friends and he were accused of being materialists. (*Cries of* 'No!') The charge was false. (*Laughter*) While they sought bread and shelter for their people they also demanded roses. They cherished the great spiritual, historical, and sentimental bonds that bound the race together, for the mere material things of life were alone but as bread that turned to dust and ashes in the mouth. Those were the materialists who jeered and sneered at the demand of a nation for the ownership and custody of the symbol of its nationhood. (*Cheers*)

Lord Apsley, a Tory member who represents Southampton, promptly rose

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and made a speech in favor of retaining the stone in England, in exactly Mr. Kirkwood's vein, which was greeted with almost the same howls of laughter from the hilarious members as Mr. Kirkwood had himself elicited. His Lordship explained that when Edward I took the stone, the Scots had just finished several devastating raids into England. As there was no Reparations Commission or League of Nations in operation at the time, the English King just took the stone along with him as security for reparations. The speaker reminded the Scottish members that Scotland still owed England a ransom for the Scottish King James I, who was captured about 1406, and that England could hardly return the stone until this intra-imperial debt had been settled. Furthermore his Lordship opposed England's giving up the stone on the ground of an ancient prophecy: —

Unless the fates are faithless found and vision merely dream,
Where'er this stone be on the ground the Scots shall reign supreme.

He declared that he could not think of giving up the Stone of Scone and depriving the Empire of the services of the Scottish Ministers and heads of Government Departments who now reign supreme in London. For this reason alone he opposed the bill!

✱

A DRAMATIST OUT OF JAIL

As Ernst Toller, the author of *Masse-Mensch*, the *Machine-Wreckers*, and many another labor play, stepped from the train in Vienna, out of the clutches of the two Bavarian policemen who accompanied him and into freedom after five years' confinement in the fortress of Niederschönenfeld, he was met by an interviewer from the *Neue Freie Presse*. Toller emerges from captivity very much like the hero in Henley's poem, with his head, figuratively, 'bloody but unbowed.' He told the interviewer of his own life in prison and the difficulties of his comrades in the Bavarian Bolshevist rising in which he was condemned, who are still in prison. Toller demands an amnesty for them all, on the ground that their imprisonment is getting a bit old-fashioned, and anyhow 'in every other country amnesty has been granted.'

'And how did you yourself stand imprisonment?' asked the interviewer.

'I hardly care to talk about that,' replied the dramatist, 'and it does not matter very much, anyhow. As an example of what it was like, I can say only that the day before yesterday I wanted to invite my comrades — who are honorable men — to a farewell dinner, but permission was refused. I was not even allowed to see the English translation of my *Schwalbenbuch* because it was in a foreign language! On the same grounds I was refused the criticisms of my plays produced outside Germany. Why, the swallows themselves, which meant so much to us prisoners, were driven away, their nests having been destroyed. But all these things are trifles so far as I am concerned. I have n't any definite literary plans or at least anything particular in my head.'

The dramatist and his interviewer had been sitting all this time on a bench at the station. Toller now rose and started off into the city — free after five years.

Toller emerges from prison no less a stormy petrel than when he was first sentenced, and grimly intent on furthering an amnesty for his comrades still in prison. He appeared at the Residenztheater in Berlin, where his *Hinkemann* is still being performed in spite of the uproar which first greeted it, and — though naturally interested in the performance of his play, since he was imprisoned before success as a

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dramatist came to him — was not too deeply concerned with things dramatic to make a semipolitical speech. Having offered the conventional thanks to the audience, he pleaded the cause of his fellows still in prison at Niederschönenfeld, and begged all his true friends to work for their release by the Bavarian Government.

In one of the Reichstag committees, a Socialist deputy demanded suspension of proceedings so that Toller might narrate his prison experiences, and though he was unsuccessful in this, sympathizers contrived a meeting elsewhere at which the dramatist addressed such deputies as cared to listen to him. The logical next step for this very eager young reformer would be the Chautauqua platform. But alas for German uplift — the Reich knows no such institution!

✽

THE SITE OF THE RESURRECTION

THE discovery of an inscribed stone near the entrance to the Garden Tomb which stands outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem adds a bit of important but not conclusive evidence in favor of the theory that this, and not the traditional site, is the location of the tomb of Christ. It is well known that the Emperor Hadrian, in a deliberate effort to desecrate a spot hallowed in the eyes of his Christian subjects, erected a temple of Venus upon it. The recently discovered stone first attracted the attention of Miss Hussey, who is in charge of the tomb and who had it cleaned and examined by Professor Brandenburg, a high authority on rock architecture of the Mediterranean. He identified it positively as 'a shrine of the goddess Cybele or Aphrodite (Venus) with the column and tree of Adonis or Atys beside it,' and declared that such shrines were found in temples sacred to Venus.

After he had expressed this opinion, the stone was more carefully cleaned and more carving was found which supported his first impression. Outside the Garden Tomb there are obvious remains of a large building, but definite proof of what the building was has been lacking until the recent discovery. As the Reverend C. C. Dawson writes in the *Times*, —

> If the identification of this stone as a shrine of Venus be finally established, it will naturally provide very strong additional evidence for this conclusion. It would, of course, follow that the definite identification of the remains of a Temple of Venus over a large Jewish tomb of the period, which otherwise bears out all descriptions of the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, must naturally carry with it a strong presumption that that tomb may indeed be no other than that of the Resurrection itself. This stone may thus be found to be another and important link in the chain of identification.

Attention was first called to the tomb by the late General Gordon, who had become convinced that the so-called Skull Hill on which it stands was the Biblical Golgotha and who, in consequence, searched for the sacred tomb somewhere upon its slopes. After its discovery the land about the tomb was purchased by an English Committee, who felt that whether or not the Holy Sepulchre had actually been found, here was, at any rate, an example of the kind of Jewish tomb in use at the time of Christ. This view was inevitably challenged by those who believed in the traditional site of the Holy Sepulchre in the middle of Jerusalem.

✽

G. K. C.'S BIRTHDAY

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON having attained the discreet age of fifty, the staff humorist of the London *Daily Herald* offers the following suggestions for the solemnization of that event: —

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Mr. G. K. Chesterton is fifty years old to-day, and I understand the little village of Beaconsfield, where he resides, is en fête. Fountains of ale are running for all residents. Hot cocoa is in readiness for visiting Liberal journalists. Two fat oxen are being roasted whole in the village street, one for Mr. Chesterton, one for his guests. The local Council are putting a few additional turns in the road to the station to honor their great man.

The publicans of Sussex, introduced by Mr. Belloc, will present an address of congratulation and wet their mugs to toast the joint patron saint of their beneficent industry. A large number of tempting birthday presents, including a fine set of paradoxes from Mr. Philip Guedalla, will be on view. But keep your hands from picking and stealing, for a little Roman Catholic priest will be stationed in the neighborhood. His name is Brown.

✠

A BEAR PLAGUE

THOSE who still think Russia a country where wolves and bears run the streets will find full confirmation of their belief in a dispatch from Petrograd, printed in *Izvestia* of July 17: —

In Karelia there is an unusual number of game birds, especially swamp birds. In the north of the Karelian Republic the population suffers much from bears and wolves. In the neighboring Zyrian Republic bears are hunted down just outside the capital of the province, Ustsysolsk. This abundance of game is explained by the extreme cold weather in the far north, from which animals have fled southward.

✠

PERUVIAN ENGLISH

THE Lima *West Coast Leader* has a correspondent — real or imaginary — whose Peruvian English rivals the Nipponese English of the Japanese Schoolboy. A recent issue contains the following local notes from this contributor: —

Under the hospices of Mister Pop Hayes a house-heating for the Mister and Misses Jonnie Angove was gave. Everyone sustain up well except the Victorolla which develop a hot-box before the finish of the performance.

Mister Burgess has have a birthday which has last two nights. Music was furnish by the piano.

Everywhere one beholds pain. Not speaking of ladies Mister Gallygar. Houses are painting theirselves and each ones insides is being coloured various tince.

Mister and Misses Angove reside in the sinister rooms upon entering to the hotel which are freshly painted gold and blue expecially for this tw .

The Club Casapalca has now adquire and amplificator for her fonograf. The gests at the dances talk always strongly in English, American, Peruvian, Escotch, Castillian, Espanich, Italian and Piemonteso so nobody cant hear no music. Now this new amplificator holla like jell so one can danse in despite of the raquet produce by social conversation.

The Misses of Doctor Jaris has augment to her Parque Zoologico with one mouse.

The Master of Station Mister Castro and his wife gave a feast in celebrating the saint-day of the misses. All persons danse and compliment the hair of the misses which are the most late succumbent to the epidermic of barbarism.

Lots some people ask to me who is these Soroche. Other people they say who is these dam soroche. So I think it be necessary I tell you that Soroche he is a bunch similar to grapes and if you murder one person with perforation by revolver it shall not estop these menace.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie: with forty-two additional letters from her father, William Makepeace Thackeray. Selected and edited by her daughter, Esther Ritchie. London: John Murray; New York: Harpers, 1924. $5.00.

[Charles Whitcombe in *The Dickensian*]

HERE comes a book that will be a delight to every lover of Dickens. The references to that novelist may not be numerous, but they are of real interest, and the book is necessary to a comprehensive Dickens library, and in any case to every lover of literature it will be a genuine joy. There is a sweet fragrance in every one of the late Lady Ritchie's letters here preserved, and her every reference to her father seems to me to breathe the spirit of beauty, if I may so put it. What is impressed upon me once again, by the letters of both father and daughter, is the innate sweetness of the man — that gracious, melancholy tenderness that seems to shine around his personality in whatsoever setting it is presented. His temperament was very different from Dickens's, but beneath its every manifestation there are the same fundamental qualities of sheer manliness, of divine tenderness and equally divine humor, of abiding sympathy and love. So Thackeray always seems to me, and away with the shallow folk who repeat that parrot cry about his cynicism and small jealousies. His letters here reveal him as a man — a man of sorrows, truly, but a man of infinite capacity to love. He has several references to Dickens and his works. *Master Humphrey's Clock* was dull, but it gave 'a very pleasant impression of the man; a noble tender-hearted creature who sympathizes with all the human race.'

From America in 1853 he wrote: 'What could Dickens mean by writing that book of *American Notes?* No man should write about the country under five years of experience, and as many of previous reading. A visit to the Tombs, to Laura Bridgman, and the Blind Asylum, a description of Broadway — O Lord, is that describing America? It 's a mole or a pimple on a great Republican body, or a hair of his awful beard and no more.' In March 1856, he wrote from Cairo, St. Louis, a description of the Eden of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is too long to quote here, but it is of great interest. It confirms Dickens's description absolutely. There is reproduced a sketch of the place which he drew on his letter.

Lady Ritchie was always an enthusiastic Dickensian. She wrote in 1876: 'They have sent me Charles Dickens from the library. I can't tell you how curiously people's different atmospheres strike me. I find all my childhood in Dickens, and then Macaulay is my young ladyhood. . . . ' In a much later letter — June 1900 — she has a quaint fancy: —

'I have been going to sleep over George Sand, and trying to think of *literature* as music, or rather to hear the music of literature. I really and actually came upon bits of Beethoven in George Sand. George Eliot is to me only Mendelssohn — *Romola* is Kalkbrenner's exercises. My father — yes, and Dickens too — seems to me at times to belong to Mozart. My father, when he is moved, and Dickens when he is irresistible. Micawber and the Kenwigs are Mozart, and that scene out of somewhere — *The Old Curiosity Shop?* — where Kit takes his mother to the play.'

Rimbaud: The Boy and the Poet, by Edgell Rickword. London: Heinemann, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[J. C. Squire in the *Observer*]

MR. RICKWORD'S book is, so far as I know, the first on the subject in English. There have been articles by Mr. Gosse, Mr. Symons, Mr. Moore, and others, and there have been translations, including many of the altogether too notorious sonnet on 'The Vowels,' which Rimbaud himself did not take seriously; but there has been no book. Mr. Rickword fills the gap very well. Since he has done so much, it is a pity that he did not tell the story of Rimbaud's life in Africa as thoroughly as it might have been told. It is a rich and fascinating story; he was mixed up in international politics, and wielded great influence at the court of Abyssinia; I have even heard it stated, I do not know on what authority, that he and Lord Kitchener once met and conferred in some remote Sudanese hinterland. Kitchener and Verlaine: what a juxtaposition! Rickword, however, does not allow himself to be so interested in Rimbaud's later life as he is in his earlier; it is the spiritual struggles which were expressed in art that interest him; and this later period is avowedly scamped.

The critic must be allowed his preferences, but there is one regard in which the book might be improved without any argument. Mr. Rickword has been so preoccupied with his matter that he has allowed a large number of ugly and ungrammatical sentences to escape his pen; and so preoccupied, again, when reading his proofs, that he has failed to correct them. These are the only serious blots on a very good book which gives a conscientious account of the subject, and is full

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of hard, tight criticism of ideas and art. Rather greater detachment would have been welcome to many — some effort to relate Rimbaud to the author's conception of the temporal and the eternal. Mr. Rickword has chosen to present Rimbaud, without much intrusion, as he presumably saw himself, and to leave him to be judged at that. Is one right in detecting underneath it all a kind of sneaking feeling that, after all, Rimbaud may have been right in his abnegation of civilization, morals, and accepted art, that after all nihilism is bound to be the end of a man who faces things squarely, and that Rimbaud's adult life was merely a postscript after a problem had been solved which left zero as the result?

Les origines de la victoire, by G. M. Bourget. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre, 1924.

[*Journal des Débats*]

THERE is no shortage of works dealing with the war. Memoirs, critical essays, novels, written for polemic or technical purposes, form an abundant collection among which history may take its choice; but no one seems yet to have given the public a work so complete, so clear, so well documented, so sure and precise as that which M. G. M. Bourget has written under the title, *Les origines de la victoire.*

In this newspaper at least there is no need to speak of the author. He is known and appreciated. Every fortnight for the last five years our readers have found above his signature an authoritative military chronicle. The judgments which he has expressed in our columns on the organization of the new army, on the legislative proposals of the day, or on various aspects of the Ruhr occupation, have always had a quality of their own which combines the rare merits of competence and good sense. They have often been quoted and commented on in Parliament to sustain a thesis or strengthen a criticism. In short, M. G. M. Bourget has won an authoritative place in the world of journalism. But we are not writing to-day of the work he has done for this newspaper. The book which he has published is not a collection of newspaper articles — it is a work complete in itself, possessing a special value and importance, a *histoire raisonnée* of the World War. . . .

After having known, observed, and learned a great deal, after having methodically studied a quantity of documents, whether they came from our own sources or from our former enemies, the author of *Les origines de la victoire* has written an intelligent book. As Lieutenant-Colonel Herschel has said, the rôle of the true historian is neither to defend individuals nor to attack them. It is better and more noble to judge events from above, neglecting personal questions. That is what Bourget has tried to do, and he has succeeded. His narrative thus gains in demonstrative value and the criticisms he makes acquire the force of proof.

The Roman Occupation of Britain, by Francis Haverfield. Revised by George Macdonald. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 18*s.*

[*Discovery*]

FRANCIS HAVERFIELD is a name of power. For a quarter of a century it has been a recognized hallmark of authority on all matters connected with the Roman world. This book, a posthumous production, is part tribute and biography of the author, but far more the work of the author himself. It is the kind of book that brings home to one what is meant by the passing of any great man in any particular field of study. Here is a sense of great knowledge and skilled judgment gone from us.

Out of the vast mass of Professor Haverfield's writings on the Romans in Britain there is nothing which so well summarizes the knowledge he had accumulated as these six lectures, which in themselves cover the whole field from pre-Roman Britain down to the dark and cloudy period of the rebirth of historical record in Saxon England. It is a book for the layman and casual student as well as for the professed antiquary or historian, for in its pages, chapter by chapter, the whole contemporary life of Roman Britain is portrayed.

There is no undue insistence on detail, and indeed the pictures he builds for us are drawn with sure, broad, vigorous strokes, always stressing the basic differences between civil Britain within the pale and the life of the military posts in the frontier zones. The breadth of vision is remarkable and the book will long stand as a milestone, a standard work on Roman Britain as enduring as Roman masonry itself.

BOOKS MENTIONED

HEDIN, SVEN. *Von Pekin nach Moskau.* Leipzig: Brockhaus Verlag, 1924.

PANZINI, ALFREDO. *Diario sentimentale.* Rome and Milan: Mondadori, 1924.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

LALOU, RENÉ. *Contemporary French Literature* (1870–1924). Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $3.50.

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This Week

Strangely enough, Europeans do not seem to be much impressed with our State Department's masterly handling of the Japanese problem. The gentleman who discusses the conflict in the Pacific may be skating on thin ice when he says that we are not justified in shutting out whomever we please, but assuredly he falls into the cold waters of error when he casts aspersions on our squad of Talleyrands in Washington.

* * *

In order to smooth the feathers of our ruffled subscribers, we are printing Mr. Andrews's religious message calling attention to the similarities of Eastern and Western beliefs, which should bind the world into one spiritual whole. By way of comment we can only repeat the lament of the ages: 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

* * *

Village life under the Soviets is n't so bad. Many of the old customs still survive: church festivals with beer and a free-for-all and hens laying eggs in the grand piano.

* * *

Alert as ever to the latest news from distant lands, the *Living Age* this week prints a report based on authentic papyrus sources of Alexandria in the second century A.D. This material explains for the first time why Saint Paul never went to Egypt. There was an anti-Jewish Exclusion Clause.

* * *

Rudolph Requadt's weekly attack of the D. T.'s this time takes the form of crocodiles. He catches some freshly hatched youngsters and bags an elderly male. All in all, it is lively reading.

* * *

The oysters of Saint Damian seem like easy meat after Mr. Requadt's crocodiles. But Panzini is a clever writer and makes as much of a good meal as a less sophisticated person would of a National Convention or a Disarmament Conference.

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HAVE you heard what people are saying about Congressman Browne's inside story "What's the Matter With Congress?" in the September Scribner's Magazine?

* * *

Or about William C. deMille's poke at the censors in "Bigoted and Bettered Pictures" in the September Scribner's?

* * *

And have you read Harry B. Smith's delightful discourse on Byron, with illustrations from his own collection of Byron books and autographs?

* * *

Or Edward P. Mitchell's reminiscences of the halcyon days of American journalism in "Mr. Dana and His People"?

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Have you travelled through Soviet Russia with Kermit Roosevelt, stopping at Leningrad (née St. Petersburg), and Moscow, with views of the opera under difficulties and of the ballet school, in "On the Soviet Trans-Siberian" in the September Scribner's?

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Or been to Venice, the Paintable City, and been introduced to the artists who have painted her by Royal Cortissoz?

* * *

Or been to Rome in pictures with George Wharton Edwards?

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Did you read the story of Beacon Hill by Ruth Blodgett; the Irish story by Shaw Desmond; the story of the travelling troupe of actors by McCready Huston in the September Scribner's Magazine?

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Did you see the turn the Galsworthy novel took in the September number of Scribner's Magazine?

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Have you read all those books that William Lyon Phelps talks about in "As I Like It" in the September Scribner's Magazine?

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Questions like these are a part of the conversation of many people these days. And they contain a word to the wise.

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After which questionnaire and which statement, we leave you to your own thoughts on the September number of Scribner's Magazine — the magazine worth thinking about.

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